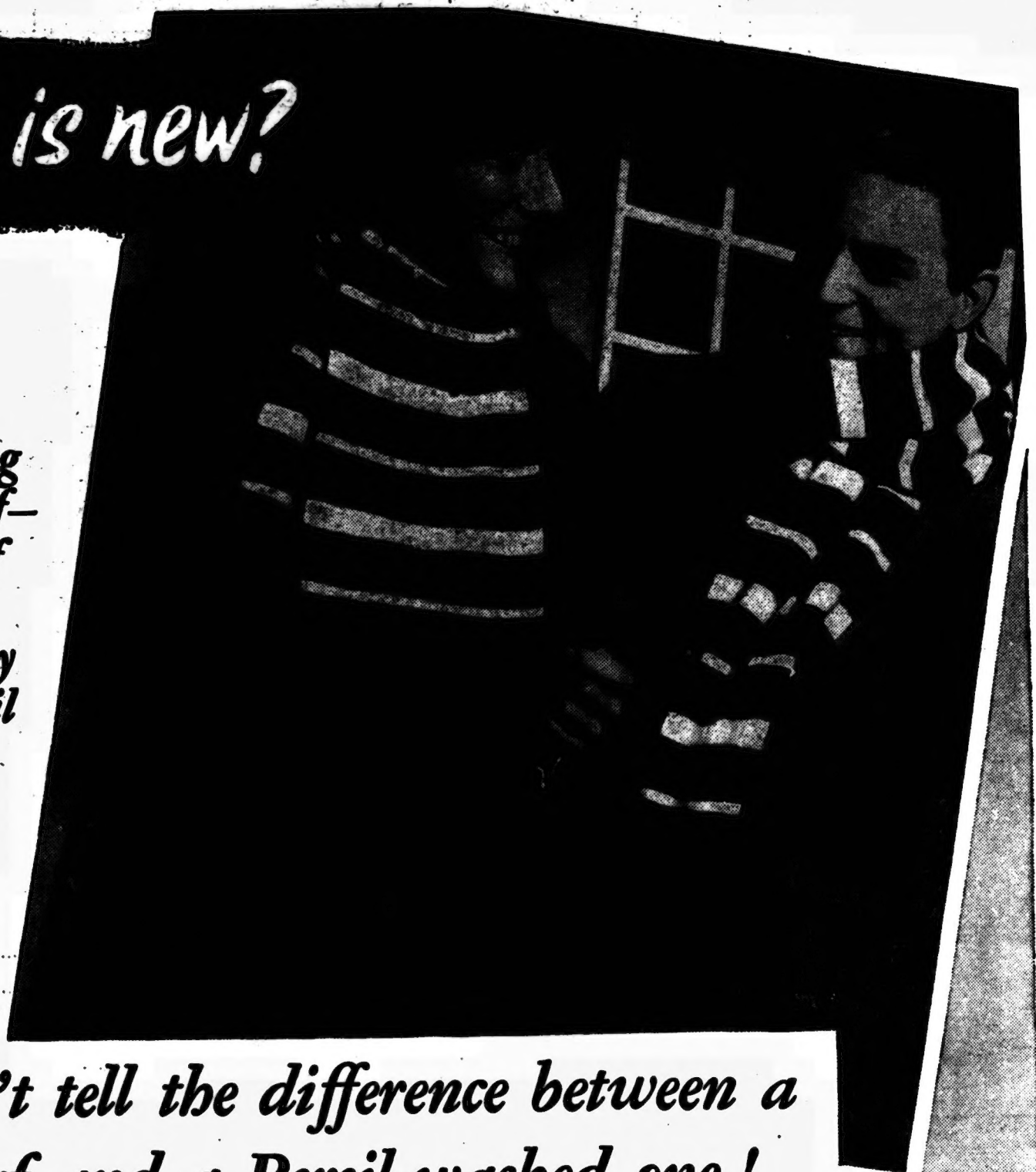


JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

which is new?

*Bob's wearing
his new scarf—
Harry's scarf
has been
washed many
times in Persil*



*You can't tell the difference between a
new scarf and a Persil-washed one!*

Persil's gentle cleansing is best for all fine fabrics. For the oxygen in Persil is blended with the soap in a special way which makes the suds do a really thorough job even in hand-warm water. Without any hard rubbing these oxygen soap-suds clear away all the dirt with amazing speed—so delicate silks and dainty woollies

are in the water for the shortest possible time. Start using Persil next washday—then you'll see how wonderfully clean and new-looking it keeps all your prettiest things!

The manufacturers of Sammy Scarves specially recommend Persil for washing their scarves, to keep them warm and new-looking.

THE AMAZING
Persil
OXYGEN WASHER

PER 687-631-68

TRAGEDY AT SEA

THE little sailing yacht *Defender* bowled her way merrily down the Wyre Channel, near Fleetwood, Lancashire. Night had fallen, and in the distance here and there a friendly light twinkled from the shore. Suddenly disaster—swift and terrible—loomed out of the darkness! The towering bows of a trawler bore down on the yacht. Immediately there was a terrific reading and tearing as the larger boat hurled the small craft down into the depths. The occupants, flung without warning into the sea, fought desperately for their lives.

The crew of the trawler did everything they could to save the unfortunate passengers, but despite gallant attempts at rescue, two were drowned. One of the victims was Mr. Hampson, of 12, Woodfield Road, South Shore, Blackpool, the well-known international footballer.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE.

As Mr. Hampson was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £100—the benefit provided for fatal Boating

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

Accidents under "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly sent to his widow.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to providing numerous other Accident Benefits, "John Bull" is still the **ONLY** paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, and TEMPEST; and is still the **ONLY** paper to pay Sickness Benefits.

£752 5s. 3d. PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed to registered readers or their dependants no less than £752 5s. 3d. as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	447 5 3
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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 9/4/38.

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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature..... Age

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Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Use J.B. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if J.B. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
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**JAYS EASTER
FURNISHING
BARGAINS on p. 4**

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FREE CATALOGUE
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Superlax Easy Chair
—it adjusts itself!

THE Berkeley Superlax brings both beauty and comfort to the home every day of the year. Don't overlook the offer on page 34. The Superlax model illustrated can be obtained for small monthly payments of only 10/-! A free illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models, together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the Coupon. Send this to-day.

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CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-inking Pen with 14-point nib, gold-plated nib, medium tipped, GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any date) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3

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14' x 6'	£42	£42
16' x 6'	£48	£48
18' x 6'	£54	£54
20' x 6'	£60	£60
22' x 6'	£66	£66
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SIMPLY fill in your name and address on the coupon below and post it in an unsealed envelope bearing a 3d. stamp, and we will send you free and without any obligation full particulars of how you can make from £2 up to £5 and more in just a few minutes of your spare time each week. Don't miss this opportunity which many thousands enjoy. Organise a "Worldwide" Club—the friendliest hobby in the world, and add pounds to your income. Post the coupon now!

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10' x 6'	£30	£30
12' x 6'	£36	£36
14' x 6'	£42	£42
16' x 6'	£48	£48
18' x 6'	£54	£54
20' x 6'	£60	£60
22' x 6'	£66	£66
24' x 6'	£72	£72
26' x 6'	£78	£78
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Long White High Gloss or Dark Green or Black. Fully Guaranteed. Oak or Teak. Ready erected. "Delivered" free or Cash. Tel. 100, W. 1.

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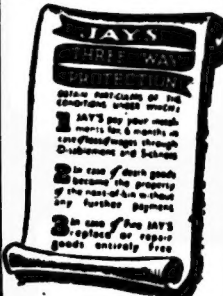
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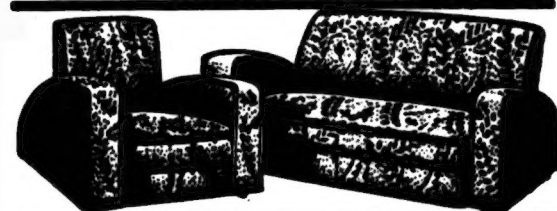


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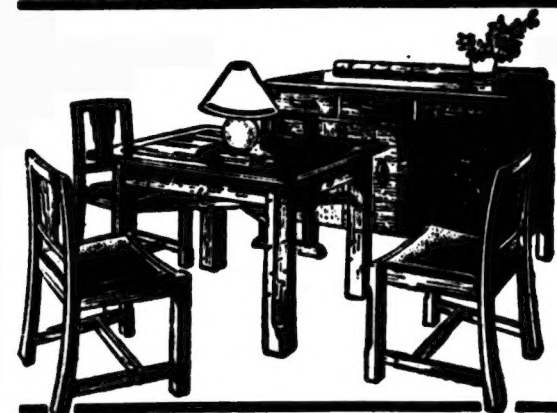
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As I promised three weeks ago, another four sets of our new range are now ready. The three that are most likely to be of interest to you are shown in this advertisement, and you can see for yourself what they look like and what they cost. I do not know whether I ought to launch them by breaking a bottle of champagne over the bows of one of them or not. One thing I am certain about, however—they deserve a tip top "send off."

Whatever price you want to pay you will not go far wrong if you buy one of these new Murphys.

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director.

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS.

THERE IS ALSO A FIRST-CLASS TELEVISION RECEIVER AVAILABLE WHICH COSTS £65 AND IS ON SHOW AT THE TELEVISION STAND AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

FEW secrets are guarded so carefully as Budget secrets. Forecasters have to base their prophecies — often uncannily accurate ones — on tiny signs and portents.

And one thing at the moment seems fairly certain. It is that in future three-quarters and not one-half of income-tax will become payable in January.

Poverty month

In case Sir John Simon has forgotten ordinary people's problems we'll remind him about January.

After the "skinning" of Quarter Day and Christmas comes a two months' crop of bills in a matter of two weeks. January is Poverty Month for almost everybody.

One more begy!

Tick off on your fingers your own December-January expenses.

Then picture benign Sir John bobbing up in the middle of this nightmare financial season for another sixty odd million pounds.

Spending makes work

People too poor to pay income-tax would be the worst affected.

Already hundreds of thousands of workers are "stood off" in January because there's so little spending.

Scores of thousands more, in shops in particular, have to take enforced holidays at their own expense.

Scrap it!

So now, Sir John, work out in detail what havoc you will create if you pursue the plan with which you have certainly toyed.

Then, in the immemorial custom of all British Chancellors, tear up your figures and the blotting-paper with which you dried them.

And the idea as well.

Expand—but don't burst

And we hear that chaos grows worse in the aviation industry.

It hadn't thoroughly adapted itself to expansion when expanded expansion was forced on it.

Unless very drastic reorganisation is set in hand immediately, it is going to be another case of greater haste resulting in less speed.

We're watching

There is ample evidence that delicate jobs are being handed out to unskilled operatives—juvenile labour, very often—in the rush to build more 'planes.

We're hoping that it's part of the chaos, and that chaos will be straightened out without delay.

If it proves to be deliberate policy, we're going to have much more to say about it.

Victory to the swift

Another secret: A Conscription Bill has already been drafted.

The Government is so certain that compulsory service would be the will of

the House that it is anxious to save a few valuable hours in the event of war.

It seems that Mussolini, who said the other day that a war would be short and sharp, isn't the only one who thinks so.

Not so speedy

But what of compulsory service of a kind that would make shameful war profiteering impossible?

Would there be as much hurry about that? Nothing was done at all in 1914-18.

"Crime" and punishment

Commentators have been dealing with another type of revelation—it came out last week in official crime and prison reports. They seem to have missed the most staggering point.

It is that every second person in prison nowadays has done nothing criminal or even approaching it!

Innocents in jail

For instance, more than 8,000 people kept in jail on remand last year were released after trial—for the most part found innocent.

No time to pay

Then 7,550 men and women were imprisoned for civil debt; another 6,611 because they were unable immediately to pay fines for ordinary police-court offences.

And that's damnable.

Mocking at justice

It was recognised as damnable when the Government gave us the Money Payments Act two years ago, aimed at giving time to pay and stopping this manufacturing of jail-birds.



Transport Minister Burgin—his department was positive—now it is puzzled

"L" for loophole

We surprised the Ministry of Transport the other day. Told it that it's quite easy for a person who has never driven a motor vehicle before to get a driving licence without a driving test.

At first the Ministry said: "Impossible." Ten minutes later, having examined its law books, it added: "Hang it, you're right. You've found a loophole."

Secret is safe

We know it's a loophole, all right. We detected a few test-dodging motorists in the act of crawling through it!

But wild horses wouldn't make us give the scheme away. We think too much of the safety of other road-users.

Anyhow, the Ministry is now seeking to close it.

We've got the Act, but not the reform.

Justices are simply making a mockery of it.

New hope

The bakers' champion, Mr. J. W. Banfield, M.P., who has had the hospitality of our columns on many occasions, is in sight of winning another round in his biggest fight.

The Minister of Labour has recently given notice of his intention to set up trade boards for the baking industry.

And you don't have to be a baker to realise all that means.

Do you know!

Which reminds us that would-be postmen who sat for an examination at the London Postal Chambers, Aldersgate, recently, were asked:

"Who are the Reds in Spain?" "Why do we sympathise with them?" "How does the Chancellor spend the nation's money?" and much more in the same vein.

It might almost have been an examination for would-be political candidates!

Silly questions

Such silly questioning makes men think they are refused jobs unless their politics are acceptable.

It isn't true, of course; but the idea isn't an easy one to scotch.

Quizzing ex-soldiers

Nor is it true that employment exchanges are being used as recruiting offices.

Yet men who are being asked details of their military careers on signing-on, and are refused reasons for such ques-

tioning, are apt to think there's something at the back of it. And understandably.

Problem pound

Mr. Paisley, a Scottish reader who has recently removed to Manchester, is trying to get a Scottish pound note into his Post Office bank book.

He meets doubt, incredulity and always point-blank refusal in his tour of the post offices.

We often get complaints from readers offered only 18s. 6d for their Scottish pounds. But Mr. Paisley goes so far as to tell us: "My good pound might be a yen."

For services rendered

But not many old Post Office workers can have bank books.

Pensions for working grades are appallingly low.

That fine old plodder the postman—always chronically underpaid—all too often has to seek outdoor relief in his retirement—after twenty years' public service!

About which, look for some disclosures at the Easter conference of the Union of Post Office Workers.

Starvation rents

Disclosure of a different kind comes from Chief Sanitary Inspector Harry Taylor, of Tunbridge Wells.

He sees working-class homes miserably maintained by their landlords; remembers when a more decent standard was compulsory.

Yet he sees working people half starving themselves to pay the rents demanded for such hovels.

This man knows

One hears such a lot of talk about "higher standards" in housing and sanitation.

Yet here is a man who knows speaking from long experience.

Remote control

It is first-hand experience that teaches Tenby sea-dogs that dreaded Woolhouse Rocks, which recently claimed the s.s. *Fermanagh*, need extra warning lights.

Trinity House, speaking from far-away London, says that they don't. And Trinity House looks like having the last word.

Unless the Board of Trade examines these reefs for itself—which it should do without delay.

Outlook: brighter

So British farmers are sending biggest delegation ever to United States to see if there's anything wrong with British farming.

They'll find out that there is. You can't always blame the weather.



VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

WE older Durham workers remember when a miner going home in his pit-boggings (short pants) was liable to be prosecuted.

To-day, with hundreds of hikers and cyclists wearing much the same clothing, we can wear them when we like. Why the change?—W. B. Lockey, Browne Buildings, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham. Fashion.

Out of Date

Applying for a hackney carriage licence, I have had to fill in a questionnaire drawn up for horse vehicles in 1932. If the questions are important, why aren't they revised to suit modern road conditions?—J. N. Craig, 3, County Place, Paisley, Renfrewshire.

Transport Workers' Union says these old forms are used only in places where there are few taxi-ranks and drivers, where expense of new forms is considered unnecessary. Anyhow, word "hackney" was coined 600 years ago to distinguish civilian from war horses. Hence "hack." Hence, also, town of Hackney, London's former horse-grazing ground.

It Isn't Charity

The solicitor presiding over a Court of Referees has asked me why, having lost my job, I allowed ten months to pass before signing on for the "dole."

When I told him that I had been hoping to get another job before my savings were exhausted, but that I was now nearly starving, he made a startling reply—said there was no room for either pride or good principle in the scheme.—Miss E. A. Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

We don't think we would put it

From Far—



Smoke pouring from the Flora Fountain (above), in the heart of Bombay, brought a crowd of sight-seers—and the Fire Brigade.

Figures suddenly dashed from the monument. A family had been living in a 10-ft. square room beneath it—which they had fully furnished!

If a cigarette-end hadn't dropped on the bedding they might have lived rent-free for ever!—S. C. Rotchell, 31, Amal Merwanji Street, Parel, Bombay.

and Near

Local police have just spent a night trying to locate terrible screaming heard in the vicinity of Oaks Road, Kenley—twelve miles from the centre of London. Their difficulties were added to because it seemed to be on the move.

At 8.15 a.m. they found a fox with a gallon paint-pot wedged over its head. Gently they prised it off—and gave the fox its liberty.—A. White, 27, Glenn Avenue, Purley, Surrey.

quite like that. He wanted you to know that the so-called "dole" is an insured person's due and not charity—which is what we maintain, anyhow.

Time Marches On

If a ship sailing round the world loses a day on the westward journey, and another sailing east gains a day on the eastward journey, an interesting proposition arises.

Two airmen of the same age could fly westward and eastward respectively until one was sixty years old and the other eighty.—William Nimmons, 7, Hazelfield Street, Belfast.

No. Half-way round and the process reverses itself. Readers must find another way of rejuvenation.



What's He Done?

My office overlooks a splendid and comparatively new Employment Exchange. A fine building, and—quite rightly—with every comfort and convenience for the staff.

But week after week I see frail women and girls standing for hours in snow, sleet, rain, gale, whatever weather is going. They are ill-clad. They are under-nourished. They sometimes wait three hours or more. In the name of Heaven, don't human bodies come before architecture?—H. W., Sheffield.

We are still wondering what Mr. Brown did in his tour of the Exchanges. It doesn't seem to have resulted in much.

No Headaches?

Ever shaken hands with a headless living girl, with tubes going from her neck to a chemical apparatus and a man dressed as a doctor standing near her, as I did at a local fair recently?

Don't tell me you can't live without a head. I know quite well you can't. But you could shake hands with her!—Mrs. L. Lord, Bookale Farm Cottage, Heap, Heywood, Lancs.

Roll up at other fairs and see the head without a body. Body (or head, as case might be) is hidden behind mirror tilted to reflect from the floor a reproduction of the backcloth. Arrangement of lighting makes mirror quite invisible. 300 years old trick, this.

"Base-Wallahs"

I studied mental nursing as a young man, gained my final certificate. Now, at thirty-seven, I carry a hod; haven't had a nursing job for years.

Oh, yes; I know institutions are always advertising for male nurses, but they seem to want nurses who are footballers, cricketers, organists, bandmen, gardeners and so on as well.—R. Waite, 6, Netherby Street, Liverpool, 8.

* * *

My friend has just failed to join the police. He was a shadow of an inch below stipulated height.

He was told: "We could overlook that if you were a good boxer, cricketer, footballer, golfer or musician." It makes you

Money Talks

I have just told a misguided friend who gives a penny to the church and then grumbles about discomfort exactly what we do with his penny.

Keep the church continually repaired. Heat it. Light it with electricity. Insure it against fire—at heavy cost.

Repair prayer and hymn books, and replace them when stolen. Buy printing and stationery.

Pay organist, vergers, cleaners, parson, etc. Mend hassocks on which the grumbler wipes his shoes, and much more besides.

Comfortable stalls are 10s. 6d. Yet think what we must do with a penny!—Rev. Wilfred Couch, Boughton Malherbe Rectory, Maidstone, Kent.

Have just been officially informed by Public Assistance people that £1 1s. 5d. a week is the cost of keeping old age pensioner under Poor Law conditions.

What an odd world! Government tells them to keep themselves on maximum of 10s.—D. B., North Watt Street, Workington, Cumberland.

I am one of a family of six that is striving to lift itself high. Money stops us.

One brother has the makings of a brilliant artist. Money stands in his way.

Another "has a voice." It isn't brilliant enough to pass without training.

I hate my job of french polishing, but money stops me learning a job nearer to my heart.

Enterprise, ambition, determination? You can have these and still fail for want of money.—W. A., Dalston, London, E.8.



"To professional attendance, £14 14s. With Compliments," says the note that has just arrived from my doctor.

Is money a thing too sordid for a medical man to discuss, seeing that he never says how an amount is made up? And would he pay grocer's bills which merely said: "To six months' groceries, £85 4s. 7d."—M. M. C., Laird Avenue, Walsley, Sheffield, 6.

I am a man who hands over wage packets to workers. I am always apologising for the dirty condition of the notes.

It seems to me, speaking of banks in general and not one particular branch, that the dirtiest notes are saved for the working man—which is scarcely fair to him.

For dirty notes are notorious germ carriers.—Albert E. Day, 5, Oxford Terrace, Jarvis Lane, Steyning, Sussex.

Add this to the list of proverbs: "A man who has never owed money is a man who has never been out of luck."

There's no need for him to be smug and self-satisfied at all. And that wisdom comes from experience.—S. N., Herve Bay, Kent.

In 1910 the Hulton Colliery disaster appalled the nation. Kind-hearted people raised a monster relief fund.

To-day the fund is £26,348 11s. 6d. Its income exceeds its outgoings by more than £2,000 a year.

Surely the right principle would be for such funds to give the dependants increased comfort in their old age?—F. Marriott, 45, Carlton Road, Birkenhead.

wonder: Is life one big sports club?—S. J. Maguire, 81, Brunswick Road, Bangor, N. Ireland.

In other words: We created "base-wallahs" (men who have too many attainments to fight) during the war—and we are still creating base-wallahs.

Love

A friend of mine, shortly to be married, burned her love letters. Her fiancé had been working away for four years. She found he had sent her 615 love letters in all. Surely as much a record in devotion as

"We have been married so many years and have never quarrelled."—Miss P. M. Cooper, 43, Fairmont Crescent, New Brumby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.

Courting couples should be made to register their engagements at a register office. Failing such registration, no breach of promise action could be taken legally. And if one sex is to have the right to sue, so should the other.

Proof or admission of intimacy should be taken at once as registration and therefore promise of marriage.—W. C. Harton, 87, Cambridge Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.

Love letters are usually the best form of registration of a promise of marriage!

Tax-Dodging

I have received a form from the income-tax people asking for my clock-in number at my works.

I am happy to be paying income-tax—but why should they want such personal information?—A. J. R., Hunter Street, Northampton.

To minimise tax-dodging. (See

article on page 7.) They compare your return of salary with that rendered by your employers. We wish they were as particular with the big tax-dodgers.

Now They Know

We are two boys, aged thirteen and fifteen. On March 2 we wrote to Lord — asking for permission to camp on his land, and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

At last we have received a firm "No," which we don't mind. But we had to pay the postman 3d. postage due. He had enclosed our envelope in the letter, unused, and two lads are left wondering as to the meaning of the word "aristocrat."—David O'Reilly, 184, Carnation Road, Swaythling, Southampton.

Chambers' defines "Aristocrat": "Persons noted for superiority, taken collectively."

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your photograph or drawing illustrating the story.

You may write upon absolutely any subject you wish.

But, whatever the subject, please keep your letters brief.

Mark your envelope "Voice of the People."

Address your communication to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you...

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Colossal Tax-Dodging Scandal

**Without
Fear or
Favour**

Lord Sankey—he had words of candour about the dodgers within the law . . .

TAX-DODGERS robbed Britain—robbed You, the honest payer—of £60,000,000 during the past year.

If they had been made to pay up, income-tax might have been lightened by no less than a shilling in the pound.

Chancellor Sir John Simon intends to try to stop the leakage with his new Budget. He can do so if he is drastic enough.

Similar attempts by other Chancellors of the Exchequer failed.

For no sooner was one loophole closed than another was discovered. Every year the dodgers found new ways of upsetting the Finance Acts.

Sir John Simon, clever lawyer, has to prove himself better than his predecessors. Surely he can beat the brains on the other side!



Last year agents of the Inland Revenue dealt with 3,119 tax-frauders. Settlements in cases in which no prosecutions were made totalled £4,000,000.

To-day the tax-dodgers are busier than ever—AND MOST OF THEM ARE WITHIN THE LAW.

Even so, investigations now in progress may end in sensational court actions.

Only when prosecutions are launched can the public realise the extent of tax robbery.

Recently, at Birmingham Assizes, William Richard Grove Broadbent, elderly merchant, was fined £1,500 after he pleaded Guilty to making false income-tax returns.

For twenty years Broadbent made false returns, and avoided paying £5,500 in tax.

John Thomas Bainbridge, Northumberland grocer, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude and made to pay £600 in costs for tax robbery.

He had made £50,000 in share and property investments, but pretended to distribute the income from his property among relatives, who were not liable to tax.

Faked income returns or no returns at all are the usual methods of the dodgers, who act illegally.

Big amounts are lost to the Treasury by the deliberate refusal of people to fill in their income-tax papers.

They disguise their real income by this refusal. They prefer to accept an arbitrary assessment from the tax authorities rather than disclose what they are actually making.

Interesting to note how remorse strikes even some hardened offenders.

No less than three million pounds are received on an average each year by the Treasury anonymously.

That money comes from individuals who have "bilked" the Revenue on income-tax, and then have felt sorry.

But the big tax-dodgers have no conscience. Neither do they find their way into the dock. They do not fear the law—they hide behind it.

In London are lawyers and accountants whose whole practice is devoted to advising millionaire tax-dodgers.

They are the men who devise the schemes for beating the Treasury; the organisers of scientific tax avoidance.

You can measure their success by this fact:

During late years the total incomes returned as liable to surtax have declined by no less than £170,000,000.

That decline is only on paper. The plain truth is that payment of surtax on incomes totalling £170,000,000 is being dodged.

As the law stands it is quite unnecessary for any surtax to be paid.

Evasion is simple. The dodger creates a "trust" and provides for his income above £2,000 a year to be paid to trustees.

By the deed, trustees can invest the money coming in from the dodger.

They do this by taking loans to the dodger—loans on which he pays no interest, and which are non-taxable.

Shorn of complications, this means that the dodger is paying away his own money and then lending it back to himself.

And it is all perfectly legal!

Then, a wealthy man who has a family can form himself into a company, paying himself a salary of £2,000 a year as governing director for life.

Shareholders of the company are his children. They receive their dividends from the estate, and pass the dividends back to the "governing director."

Evading income tax as well as surtax is more difficult, but it can be done by a foreign company acquiring the investments of the dodger.

Forming such a company organisation costs about £3,000—nothing compared to the saving in tax.



At present the most popular headquarters for these tax-dodging companies is Palestine, where there is no income-tax at all.

Other countries which specialise in the business are Monaco, Luxembourg, the Channel Islands, Switzerland and Panama.

Companies in Palestine and Monaco alone have robbed our Government over a period of years of £15,000,000—equivalent to nearly three-pence on the income-tax.

Monte Carlo has one bank the staff of which are almost exclusively kept busy with British tax-evasion transactions. Even little Liechtenstein, the pocket-handkerchief State between Austria and Switzerland, where the inhabitants sing our national anthem to their own local words, makes money from the tax-dodging companies.

To some of the countries concerned, helping tax evasion ranks high in the list of profitable industries, and laws are amended to coincide with the provisions of the latest British Finance Act.

No manoeuvre is too complex when a dodger's money is at stake.

With nominal Swiss "owners," a Palestine company is linked with a second in Monaco, which, in turn, is involved with a third in Jersey, Channel Islands.

The paid "owners" and the British millionaire tax-dodger hold their board meetings in Paris.

Sir John Simon should compel a return from British solicitors and accountants of all such foreign companies formed in the past ten years.

The names of the tax-dodgers concerned would make ordinary people open their eyes in amazement.

But the fact still remains that all these companies are within the law.

What is more, the law has even shown sympathy to the dodgers, who have availed themselves of its back-alleys in which to skulk.

Lord Sankey, a former Lord Justice of Appeal and Lord Chancellor, has declared:

"It is perfectly open for persons to evade income-tax, if they can do so legally."



"I say again that I do not use the word 'evade' with an dishonourable suggestion about it."

The Lord President of the Scottish Court of Sessions has stated:

"The Inland Revenue is not slow—and quite rightly—to take every advantage which is open to it under the taxing statutes for the purposes of depleting the tax-payer's pocket."

"And the tax-payer, in like manner, is entitled to be astute, to prevent, so far as he honestly can, the depletion of his means by the Inland Revenue."

Ordinarily, everyday men and women are not likely to agree with the rulings of those eminent judges.

For, by his ingenious devices, each wealthy tax-dodger throws an additional burden on his more honest fellows.

Sixty million pounds! That is the loot of the slippery millionaires.

A shilling in every pound of income-tax—that is the price the country pays in toll to the deliberate tax-dodger.

It is outrageously criminal.

Now, come on, Sir John Simon and have no mercy.



But it's the man-in-the-street who has to shoulder the millionaire's cast-off burden

OPEN LETTERS

Signor BENITO MUSSOLINI,—Your bully's voice does not make us tremble.

Yes, we hate war.

We loathe the savagery, the clotted horror and futility that such brutish power-hunters as you are perpetrating.

But we do not fear your mailed fist.

You brag of the hideous slaughter of helpless women and children by your bombing planes in Spain.

We note that damning admission.

You boast of an army nine million strong—The greatest submarine fleet in the world—A tremendous air force.

But our Prime Minister didn't exaggerate when he spoke of the almost "terrifying might of the British Empire."

So your tirade, obviously intended for home consumption, will cause no alarm in Britain.

A pity you have to resort to such empty bluster to bolster up the spirits of your misguided people!—JOHN BULL



We hate war, but your voice doesn't make us tremble



Don't let the wreckers panic you, Sir Donald!

Mr DONALD SOMERVELL, K.C.,
Attorney-General

DEAR SIR DONALD,—Sabotage mustn't scare us into panic measures.

We are all incensed against the thugs who tamper with aircraft designed for the R.A.F. But I have no patience with Capt. Alan Graham, M.P., who wants you to enable such cases to be tried by military courts. He wants the wreckers to be sentenced to death.

Plainly, you do not agree. But you have promised to consider whether the law needs strengthening.

Don't waste too long on that. There's nothing much wrong with the law.

Our judges, I am sure, would dole out heavy sentences to men convicted of sabotage.

But first you must catch them.

Closer watch must be kept on all factories, and if workmen have grievances, these should be investigated.

But don't tell me that because there are a few human rats at large Britain needs military law. What's more, we won't have it!—JOHN BULL.

Earl STANHOPE, K.G.,
President of the Board of Education

MY LORD,—An admirable scheme is in operation at many secondary schools whereby pupils get practice in writing foreign languages by exchanging a weekly letter with boys and girls abroad.

But some of the letters coming into English schools

from German children contain too much propaganda for my liking.

Hints that Britain must return the former German colonies, suggestions that the German minority in Czecho-Slovakia should yield to the Reich, are frequently mentioned, and, I think, officially inspired.

One fifteen-year-old German girl wrote to say how delighted she was that Mr. Eden had gone.

Most of the correspondents in Germany sing the praises of Hitler. Too many make uncomplimentary remarks about our French friends.

German youth is well drilled and German propaganda obvious.

Your inspectors might keep a sharp eye on this interchange of correspondence.—JOHN BULL.

SIR JOHN H. SETON, Bart.,
Tooks Court, London, W.C.

SIR,—Not long ago the President of the Board of Trade was disinclined to take action to slaughter "guinea-pigs" in companies capitalised by the public.

His Department, it was said, had no real evidence that the scandal still existed.

How Whitehall overlooked the menace you are is incomprehensible.

Most inveterate of dummies, you have cost the small investors of Britain very dearly by selling your title and name to hopeless and dubious enterprises.

And you do not seem to be at all ashamed.

Even when it has become known that the latest exploitation of your name has in a few months deprived trusting people of £114,000.

Legislation would be justified to suppress you alone.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ENOCH HILL,
President, Halifax Building Society

DEAR SIR ENOCH,—Fancy telling the world that you have never liked work!

It's enough to give some of your fellow business magnates a heart attack, though if they were honest they would probably agree with you.

Millions of lesser workers don't like work either. But they have yet to accept your excellent advice: "Make work your pleasure. It's profitable, too. You've got to pay for most pleasures."

Well, since you have risen from shilling-a-day factory boy to chief of a big building society, your career proves that it pays to make the best of any job.

Now, on your retirement, may you find real enjoyment.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON,
Minister of Agriculture.

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—I know you are very busy devising new subsidy raids on the National Exchequer for the landlords, and that this must take up a lot of your time.

But do see if you can spare a few minutes to listen to the demand which the farmworkers' trade unions are making.

They have given you evidence that thousands of farmers are paying their men less than the minimum wage laid down by law.

Farmers are getting away with this for two reasons: one, because many of the men are afraid to complain lest they lose their jobs and their tied

cottages; the other, because you have not enough inspectors to visit all the farms where this evasion is going on.

As the average wage of farm labourers is only about 30s.—low enough in all conscience—you certainly ought not to tolerate "wangling" of any kind.

Pray do something to show agriculture that you are awake.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY MANDER, M.P.,
Wolverhampton

DEAR MR. MANDER,—Having had your firm's paint products banned by Mussolini in Italy because of your outspoken criticism, you are now tackling Hitler's secret police, the Gestapo, for their activities in this country.

I hope for your sake you have no paint shop in Germany.

Political persecution is something Great Britain never has tolerated, as Mr. A. G. Gardiner emphasised in his article in last week's JOHN BULL.

If you can give me instances of Nazi spying activities, and attempts at persecution, in this country, I shall be ready to switch my searchlight of publicity on to them.—JOHN BULL.

The Earl of COTTENHAM,
House of Lords

MY LORD,—Opportunities of commending entirely disinterested public service among our younger men are not too frequent.

Therefore, with pleasure I draw attention to the fine work done by you in training the "road courtesy" patrols now making their appearance on the highway.

I hear that you have privately received the thanks of the very highest police authorities for your services, which it is thought will have a pronounced effect on the toll of the roads.

Because people drive cars there is no reason why they should cast courtesy to the winds.—JOHN BULL.

MR. CHARLES ROBERTSON,
Chairman, Education Committee, L.C.C.

DEAR SIR,—The international situation being what it is, there are reasons for regretting the L.C.C. decision not to remove their ban on Cadet Corps in the secondary schools.

I don't like militarism any more than you and your colleagues do.

But if war comes, the youth of other countries will be prepared. Ours will not.

Your Council's decision is based on idealism. Alas, such ideals do not prevail in other parts of the world.

Is your decision fair to the nation and its youth?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. IAN BROWN,
Hackney Business Man

DEAR SIR,—Your reason for spending an extra £500 a year to give your staff a week's holiday with pay is a good one. But you must admit it pays you, too!

You have found that your 234 laundry employees work better, and better work means better profits.

"It's their natural right," you say.

Holidays with pay are the natural right of every worker in the country, and should be compulsory.—JOHN BULL.

A. G. Gardiner asks . . .

IN a few days' time Sir John Simon will introduce into Parliament the most swollen Budget ever presented to the country in a time of peace. It will not mark the end of a chapter. It will be the beginning of a new scale of expenditure the limits of which no man can foresee.

For this country, in common with every great country in Europe—indeed of the whole world—is embarked on a race in armaments the goal of which, unless the race can be stayed, must be universal bankruptcy or war, or both.

I shall not discuss here the controversial question as to the share of responsibility this country bears for the dreadful drift of events that has brought civilisation to the present desperate pass.

To those who desire enlightenment on this matter I commend Mr. G. T. Garratt's book "Mussolini's Roman Empire," published in the Penguin series.

It will be more profitable for me here to try to present the naked facts that confront us and to suggest what action the emergency calls for.

Three great military nations have emerged from the wreckage of the war and the peace and are threatening to hold the world at ransom. The object of each is conquest on a scale unattempted since the days of Napoleon.

Japan is embarked on her long-cherished ambition to drive the white man out of the Far East and to establish her hegemony of Asia.

Germany, under Hitler, aims at the hegemony of Europe.

Mussolini's goal, frankly and blatantly proclaimed, is the hegemony of the Mediterranean.

The three predatory Powers have expressed their community of purpose in what is called the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis. This does not necessarily mean active co-operation in their particular enterprises.

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It has done so in the case of Germany and Italy and Spain. But it has not done so in China, one of the chief sources of whose supply of munitions is Germany and whose military direction is largely in German hands.

What is common to the three Powers is the repudiation of law in the affairs of nations and the substitution of war as the only court of appeal they recognise in their quest of the loot of the world.

Together they have sandbagged the League of Nations, torn up every treaty and covenant of peace they had signed, blown to the winds all hopes of disarmament, and turned the whole world into a vast arsenal.

Their success has been spectacular. Japan, it is true, is finding that China is rather a large mouthful to swallow at

one swoop and may well in the end discover that her brutalities have created a new and formidable neighbour for herself.

But the achievements of Hitler and Mussolini are indisputable.

Twenty years ago Germany lay beaten, broken and bankrupt under the heel of the Allies.

To-day, without having fired a gun or drawn a sword, she dominates the Continent as decisively as Napoleon dominated it at the height of his power.

It is the Nemesis of a bad peace, of that fatal attempt to encircle a nation of sixty million people with bayonets that followed the peace, and of the equally fatal delay in realising the vast menace of the dictatorship when its military aims were disclosed.

During the five brief years that have elapsed since the Nazi conspiracy seized power the whole complexion of Europe has been changed.

Austria has been absorbed in a night. Czechoslovakia lies helpless in the vast jaws of a Greater Germany.

Hitler's legionaries are on the Brenner, and Mussolini, having sacrificed Austria, of which he had declared himself the guardian, for the sake of a German consent to his own conquest of Abyssinia, receives them with acclamation. All the smaller nations are running



The "New Germany"—Austria has already been engulfed. Czechoslovakia lies helpless, and Switzerland already sees Hitler's shadow over Lake Constance.

○

Why this Unholy Mess?

to shelter before the storm. The Hungarian soldiery fraternise with the formidable neighbour who is now on their frontier. The King of Roumania finds reasons for not paying his visit to London.

Switzerland, with its large German-speaking population, sees the shadow darkening over Lake Constance.

Poland, once the ally of France, is visibly making terms with the Power that matters, and right through the Balkans to the Sea of Marmora, it is the Nazi star that is in the ascendant.

And Von Papen, fresh from his successful intrigues in Vienna, has gone as Ambassador to Turkey, which has been our friend and is the keystone of the Balkan bloc, and, incidentally, of the Eastern Mediterranean.

Germany's hegemony of Europe is not a dream. It is a fact.

Turn to the Mediterranean. We are engaged in what are called "conversations" with the Italian dictator, and all must hope for a happy issue to them.

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But it would be suicidal to shut our eyes to the enormous change that has come over the situation there.

Even in the last war, when there was no effective enemy on the Mediterranean littoral, the passage of that sea was full of perils.

Now, with Libya on one flank of Egypt and Abyssinia on the other, with the narrow straits between Sicily and the African coast fortified so as to make the channel impassable, and with Spain and the Balearic Islands falling into the hands of the protégé of Hitler and Mussolini, the navigation of the Mediterranean might in certain events become unthinkable.

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These are the bare and sinister facts with which we are faced.

How it comes about that we have been manoeuvred out of the commanding position we occupied, not merely after the war, but even up to two or three years ago, cannot be discussed here.

In part, of course, it is due to the advantages of secrecy and unity of authority which attach to dictatorship, partly to the false sense of security which the war had left behind in the minds of the victor powers.

But chiefly it is due, as Mr. Garratt's book shows, to the extraordinary in-

sensibility of Governments both in this country and in France to the meaning of what was happening from the invasion of Manchuria onwards and the quite incredible mishandling of every crucial situation as it arose in turn.

No doubt much of the disaster was inherent in the democratic system, which necessarily works slowly and laboriously.

While this was going on the dictators were making their clear-cut plans in secrecy and springing them on the world, as Hitler has always done, as accomplished facts that could not be discussed, but must be either swallowed or made a *casus belli*.

But making all allowance for this handicap, it remains tragically clear that the conduct of affairs during the past few years has been a record of blunders, a parallel to which would be hard to find in our history.

It is this fact which brings me to the point I have in mind.

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Throughout this lamentable time we have had no clear, bold leadership, and have given the world no policy that would touch its imagination or give it confidence in our will and capacity to see the thing through.

Is the position any better to-day? We are standing on the brink of terrible possibilities.

The whole British system is in imminent peril, and with it the existence of free institutions and personal liberty in the Eastern hemisphere, if not throughout the world.

We are rearming furiously against the contingency we all dread, but to which we can no longer shut our eyes.

But have we the policy that will stir the nations? Have we the men who can face the storm and direct its energies should it unhappily break over our heads?

Is there anyone who can answer these questions with confidence?

The time may be short. We must have men of action, of imagination, of power, of high courage, of experience, to meet a situation which may arise and in which these qualities and these qualities alone can see us through.

I will mention only two. Mr. Churchill, whatever his faults, has the qualities I have named, and in his recent speeches he has risen to the great argument as no one else has done.

His superlative gifts must be brought into play.

So must those of another man much less known to the public.

Everyone familiar with the inner history of the Great War knows how large a part Sir Arthur Salter played in averting the greatest of all dangers, the menace of starvation.

His genius for organisation should be harnessed, and harnessed now.

And there are others. I implore Mr. Chamberlain to equip the nation with the best brains at his command.

My Handicap—How I overcame it

Crutches Can't Cripple Courage!

THINK of me first as a little girl, my body encased in splints because of a tubercular nip, trying to learn the piano—and succeeding.

Next, see me during the war, chafing at being able to do nothing more than knit socks for soldiers but eventually finding myself free of splints and crutches and working as a clerk.

Then imagine my horror when an air raid claimed me as one of the casualties, leaving me paralysed, blind and almost dumb.

I shall always remember my mother as queen of my heart in those dark, dreadful days.

It was her constant care and prayers, I believe, that after a while led me to see again and to feel a slight tingling sensation in my fingers.

She had my couch brought down to the drawing-room so that I might exercise my fingers on the piano.

Then came the wonderful moment when I could walk once more; another memorable day when I found a job as a teacher.

But the urge of music was strong. When a job as relief pianist was vacant at a local cinema, I marched—if you can

call it marching—into the manager's office and asked for an audition.

Yes, I got the job, wrote songs and composed music.

Another stage in my journey found me in a town twenty miles away, where a musical conductor was required.

I took my faithful friend, a stout walking-stick, and secured a different kind of baton.

I also began to play the organ. One of my listeners was a young man. One day he suggested that his arm would prove a better help than my old stick. I thought so, too, but my health seemed an obstacle. I left the town; he followed me. Though two out of three doctors warned me not to marry, we took the chance. And we have been happy.

The only scar of my childhood's battles that remains is a funny little walk. So, when people pass me and I hear them say, "Haven't that old girl a daft walk," I am not cross.

I smile and feel proud

Mrs. I. F. Hawkins Jeffers,
463 Becontree Avenue,
Dagenham, Essex.

History is made at night.

SCHOOL-GIRL WINS SWIMMING RACE THE NIGHT BEFORE IT HAPPENED



It was just that extra ounce of energy that gave her victory and school-girl fame. Bourn-vita each night was the secret that brought her success. It can do the same for YOU.

'You've come on wonderfully' said the games mistress. But it was the 'deep sleep secret' that gave her such determination and energy — made success easy.

At two lengths it was anybody's race with herself and two others fighting for the lead. Self-confidence and stamina decided the issue — and on the last leg she spurted and went on to win.

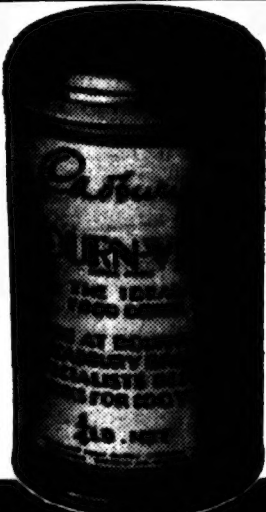
But the race had really been won *the night before* when a 'night-cup' of Bourn-vita brought her sound, restoring sleep — gave her the staying power, that vital extra ounce of energy.

The deep sleep secret

Not length of sleep, but *scientifically sound* sleep is what matters — the sort of sleep Bourn-vita gives you — soothing nerves, mind and body, building up resistance to ills and chills, and bringing new life for to-morrow.



She's a BOURN-VITA WINTER-PROOFED GIRL. No coughs or colds for her. YOU can be winter-proofed too, if you drink Bourn-vita every night.



BOURN-VITA *to-night*
makes to-morrow just right

The demand for
CAPSTAN
increases daily
— say
W.D. & H.O. WILLS



"Sno daht abaht it!"

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES.

10 FOR 6D. 20 FOR 11D.

A NEW sport which believe will soon be challenging the popularity of football and cricket as a national pastime is sweeping Britain.

It is basket ball—world game on foot—which, in the millionaire sports promoters' rivals baseball as a draw in America.

The game—as a tough sport—has only recently been introduced over here, but in a 240 clubs with more than 1000 playing members have secured its existence.

These figures could be a few days, for, all over the leading sportsmen, crack Rugby, Soccer and cricket clamouring to join.

But for the moment the on. There are not enough to go round.

Already forty-five of the professional Soccer and Rugby in Britain have adopted chief part of their training.

Players of other games efficiency they have never before when coached in.

Scotland Yard has lately the biggest part of the for bettering the physical younger London policemen.

These men are sound as they enter the service. them are already first-class but after a spell of basket ball they have been found that they are in a state of condition that physical instructors thought possible.

Weight and waist of melt away in a few weeks.

Throughout the country the Royal Army is sponsoring for the same purpose similar results.

Very few young soldiers have any great skill and most of them in normal good health.

Army physical trainers have been amazed at the transformation wrought in a few weeks of basket ball—moderately and at a pace experts would regard as a crawl.

Recruits quickly gain energy, agility, speed and capacity of trained athletes.

The effect on the lungs is extraordinary.

So much so, that there is need to imprison officers in the Air Force in cabinets of air pressure before they are capable of taking the stratosphere—the first aviation.

If an air pilot can ball all out for forty regulation period of the show at the end that duly distressed, he can an aeroplane to the tides at which flying.

So big has the game become that authorities have taken Empire Arena at Wembley in Easter week British championship, day the champions of

Great New Sporting Thrill!

A NEW sport which experts believe will soon be challenging the popularity of football and cricket as a national pastime is sweeping Great Britain.

It is basket ball—world's fastest game on foot—which, backed by millionaire sports promoters, already rivals baseball as a drawing card in America.

The game—as a tough "he-man" sport—has only recently been introduced over here, but in a short time 240 clubs with more than 6,000 playing members have sprung into existence.

These figures could be trebled in a few days, for, all over the country, leading sportsmen, crack stars of the Rugby, Soccer and cricket fields, are clamouring to join.

But for the moment the brake is on. There are not enough coaches to go round.

Already forty-five of the principal professional Soccer and Rugger clubs in Britain have adopted it as the chief part of their training methods.

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Players of other games attain an efficiency they have never touched before when coached in basket ball.

Scotland Yard has lately made it the biggest part of the programme for bettering the physique of the younger London policemen.

These men are sound and fit when they enter the service. Many of them are already first-class athletes, but after a spell of basket ball it has been found that they reach a pinnacle of condition they and their physical instructors had never thought possible.

Weight and waists of policemen melt away in a few weeks.

Throughout the country the Territorial Army is sponsoring the game for the same purpose and with similar results.

Very few young soldiers on enlistment have any great skill in sports, and most of them possess only normal good health.

★ ★ ★

Army physical training supervisors have been amazed at the transformation wrought, even after a few weeks of basket ball, played moderately and at a pace which experts would regard as a snail-crawl.

Recruits quickly acquire the energy, agility, speed and lung capacity of trained-to-the-minute athletes.

The effect on the lungs is, indeed, extraordinary.

So much so, that there is no longer need to imprison officers of the Royal Air Force in cabinets under intense air pressure before deciding if they are capable of taking machines into the stratosphere—the future field of aviation.

If an air pilot can play basket ball all out for forty minutes—the regulation period of the game—and show at the end that he is not unduly distressed, he can safely take an aeroplane to the highest altitudes at which flying is possible.

So big has the game grown that its authorities have taken over the Empire Arena at Wembley for three days in Easter week to decide the British championship. On the third day the champions of Germany will

come over to play the winners of the tournament.

There is no money in the sport—so far. Those who control it and the clubs in it have no funds, and they don't seem to want any.

But it is not likely that the game will for long escape the notice of the big showmen. They know the boom that has been made of it in America.

Stars of basket ball in the U.S.A. earn more money than those in baseball, and teams commonly take 10,000 supporters with them from town to town by convoys of special trains.

It is only a question of time, therefore, before it is exploited commercially and professionally here on the foundations so successfully laid by the amateurs.

Noteworthy in the development of the game in this country has been the formation in the last month or two of women's teams.

Numbers of big firms have made basket ball the feature of their welfare schemes for women workers in the future.

A few nights ago, at the Birmingham Athletic Institute—Birmingham was the cradle of the sport—I inspected two crack teams in the dressing-rooms before they went out to play.

Each man was trained so finely that none of them showed trace of carrying an ounce of superfluous flesh.

Yet, after forty minutes' play, when they were put on the scale, everyone had lost at least half-a-pound.

Novices who have flesh to spare dispose of it at three times that rate in a medium-speed practice match.

Social standing counts for nothing in the game as it is being played in Britain. University men—often "Blues" in other sports—take their place in the teams with clerks and navvies.

Most picturesque, perhaps—and certainly one of the best—teams in this country is Catford Saints in south London.

It is composed exclusively of Mormons, and the leading players are a professor, a student, a newspaper reporter, a shop assistant, and a cowboy.

They address each other, even during a match, as "Brother."

Their coach is Elder Brigham Young V, a great-great grandson of the founder of the Mormon cult.

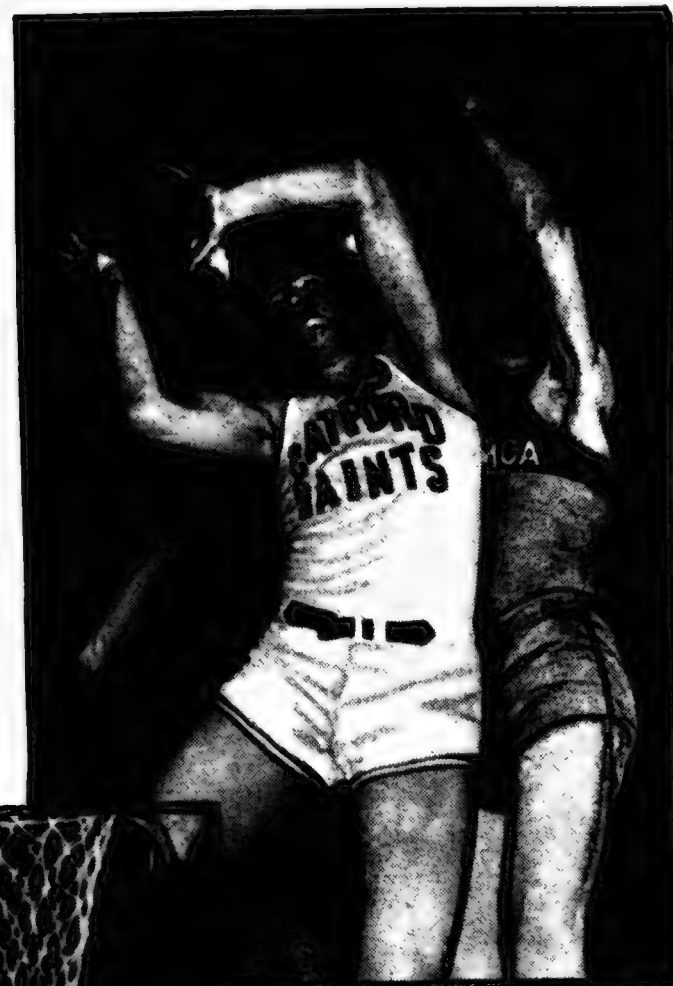
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Both the equipment for and the rules of basket ball are extremely simple.

Space 75 ft. long by 50 ft. wide is required, but this can be lessened according to the age or capacity of the players.

The only apparatus used is a ball

Basket can learn a thing or two from these high-fliers. Every second brings a thrill as forwards and backs clash near the net



bouncing it with one hand for any distance.

But the moment he seizes it or accepts a pass with both hands he must part with it before he takes another step.

If two players collide or even touch each other, the one in possession of the ball is guilty of a foul, four of which automatically disqualify him from further part in the game.

★ ★ ★

Charging, pushing, or holding are illegal.

A player with the ball must swerve past opponents in his path, and in the ability to do so lies most of the skill of the sport.

Goals—baskets, they are called—are scored either by a direct shot into the net or by throwing the ball from any angle against the back-board and causing it, by the use of spin and bias, not to rebound but to drop dead into the net.

Players soon develop amazing wrist flexibility and power, and the velocity with which the ball is thrown is usually so great that often there is doubt, after the cannon off the board, whether or not it has passed through the net.

To get over this difficulty goals can be registered by the flashing of a red light produced by electrical contact when the ball enters the net.

Only true and highly-trained athletes can play the game at its best.

But, played by anyone, it provides a form of exercise and body development without equal.

★ ★ ★

The schools are certain to be the breeding ground of the game in this country. The Headmasters' Association has become actively interested.

Strangely, the National Fitness Council does not seem yet to have heard of the advent of basket ball.

In it they will find the simplest, cheapest and best all-round method that can be devised to make Britain a physically first-class nation.

W. M.

slightly larger and heavier than a Soccer ball and two baskets, familiar in the girls' netball game, made of a steel hoop and rope net.

Behind each basket is a wooden board.

Teams are five - a - side - two backs, called guards, and three forwards.

But each team has a group of reserves ready at the side of the court to go into action.

★ ★ ★

These substitutes go on when a player is exhausted or has committed four fouls, or for any reason which the captain or coach thinks it desirable to replace one or more of his men.

Dress of the players is a vest and shorts, and special boots made of canvas with crepe rubber soles.

Any other kind of footwear is liable to burst after a few minutes because of the strain caused when the player, travelling at full speed, has to stop and pivot either to get rid of the ball or to pass an opponent.

From the "tip off," when the referee throws the ball between the two centre-forwards, the game goes with lightning rapidity for two periods of twenty minutes each.

There are three reasons for the tremendous pace of play.

A player may dribble the ball by

Get fit
— keep fit!



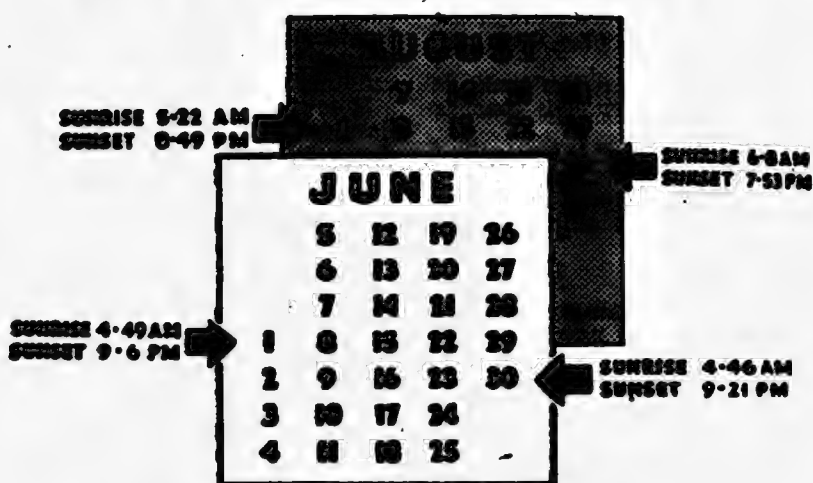
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you are using up your
energy! Your diet must
include sufficient BREAD
—the supreme food for
renewing lost energy.

BREAD
FOR ENERGY

CPH308



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AUG. 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET—438½ HOURS DAYLIGHT

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can be obtained at any Railway Station or
the usual Tourist Agencies.



FOR EARLIER HOLIDAYS!

APRIL 9, 1938

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Shall We be the Slaves or Masters of the

FACED with unemployment and commercial slump on an unparalleled scale, President Roosevelt two years ago decided to think ahead.

"Pick out a dozen of the outstanding new discoveries," he ordered.

"Tell me how they are going to affect things like employment and our social life. Tell me, too, if we can predict invention and guard against any upheavals it may bring."

The report of the committee appointed by Roosevelt has now appeared, and it makes sensational reading.

It took seven modern wonders of the world, and asks if they might not be seven blunders of the world.

First come Plastics. These new substances were discovered about 25 years ago. From the action of carbolic acid on formaldehyde a substance called "bakelite" was made.

Because of its insulating properties, its cheapness and easy working it became a competitor of rubber and vulcanite.

★ ★ ★

But the chemist has found scores of other raw materials, skim milk, creosote, wood resin, tar, and a host of other chemicals from which plastics can be made.

They are now competing with wood and light metals for structural purposes, with glass and with paints.

Chairs and tables, wall panels for houses, and frames for motor-cars are being made from plastics, composed of sour milk and soya bean stalks, far cheaper and quite as strong and beautiful as the best woods.

But when we buy these articles, punched out of a moulding machine by the thousand, what scope is there left for the joiner, the woodworker, the glassworker and the men of the world's timber industries?

Plastics are just beginning as an industry, yet the total amount invested in these substances here and abroad already amounts to about £10,000,000.

Secondly, there is the "electric eye," or photo-cell.

Quicker than the human eye, it never gets tired, its attention never wanders and it works as well through twenty-four hours as it does the first second.

If it breaks down, it stops the machinery to which it is applied and "screams" for help.

You see it to-day in factories replacing human checkers on packages travelling down a conveyor chain.

It never makes a mistake in counting, matching or checking for colour, size and weight.

★ ★ ★

Nearly a thousand jobs are now being performed by the electric eye which were once being done by men.

If it removes monotonous tasks from the shoulders of workmen in modern industry, at the same time it replaces labour.

Using an ultra-conservative estimate, the number of men whose jobs can be done more efficiently by the electric eye is at least 250,000.

Will this miracle device become our servant—or foe?

Hydroponics, the name for tray or chemical agriculture, by which

World's seven new wonders?

food can be grown without soil, is the third modern wonder.

It is already a practical proposition with tremendous implications to agricultural industry and to any country like Britain which cannot feed itself from its own soil.

About 1928 a scientist named Gericke found that he could grow certain plants with no other materials than the seed, a shallow mesh-bottomed tray, and beneath that, a tank containing selected chemicals which were plant foods.

The seeds germinated, roots pushed down to the liquid and the plant grew as well as in soil.

Since then enormous strides have been made in the technique of this soilless agriculture and in the types of foods grown.

Possibilities in this new science are something to boggle at. They are boggling at them in America, where whole counties have been set aside for growing food in tanks.

For tray crops may help to solve their great problem of soil erosion. In areas larger than Britain the top soil has blown away in dust through intensive cultivation.

Britain, too, may find in tray agriculture a source of supply for our huge food demands. Householders could be farmers, growing a great deal of their food in their backyards.

Yet again, there is a question to ask: What will happen to the farmer, the farm labourer and the thousands engaged in food distribution?

The fourth wonder is artificial textiles.

★ ★ ★

Cotton is coming from cellulose, cornstalks and plant refuse, as well as from wood.

Wool, said to be every bit as good as the stuff off the sheep's back, is being made from casein and other milk products.

Huge factories are being built under Government auspices in some countries abroad, and hundreds of thousands of pounds are being spent on developing synthetic processes for making your clothes out of chemicals.

At present these artificial cottons and wools are dearer than the natural product. But when the inevitable cheapening occurs, what will happen to the cotton growers of Egypt, India and the Southern States, with their millions of workers—and spenders?

What of the sheep farmers of Australia and the entire wool industry?

Have you heard of the pre-fabricated house? Again, a queer name, but a real modern wonder and a portent for the near future.

This type of house, mass-produced in factories and complete with robot equipment for air-conditioning and heating, is already being turned out on a commercial basis by the engineers.

It is guaranteed to be fire-, vermin- and rot-proof, and contains a central electrical unit which operates all the gadgets from the air-condi-



Will oil-from-coal plant like this end our fuel problems?

tioning plant to the washing machine and refrigerator.

Moreover, the house can be added to or taken down and re-erected elsewhere as often as the owner likes.

To most of us such a house must seem a horror. But other inventions of the past have been greeted the same way in public opinion.

They have survived and become part of our lives.

Perhaps the real horror about the pre-fabricated house is this: There is not a brick, a tile or an inch of plaster in it, and practically no wood.

Walls, doors and floors are made of one of the new plastics, coloured and polished to taste.

The framework of the house is

steel, and the rest metal alloys, lacquered for long wear like a motor car body.

At present these houses are meeting with a great deal of opposition from local authorities and from the various building trades unions. But how long will that last? and so—another question for labour.

Television is now familiar enough to us by name, but do we realise its extraordinary possibilities and implications?

There is a sister of television called facsimile reproduction.

It has to be considered less from its effects on employment than in its effects on our social life.

The co-axial cable, a tremendous invention which we have not yet begun to appreciate, enables a central television station to be independent of air broadcasting.

★ ★ ★

Dissemination of news by television and facsimile recording is only a year or two distant.

A news-sheet printed in your own home while you sleep is a practical possibility.

Last, but not least, comes synthetic fuel.

In the past we have built up our industrial civilisation on the coal-fields, and, with the coming of the petrol engine, on the oilfields.

Both of these natural resources are becoming exhausted.

But now the chemist has succeeded in winning petrol from coal and even more common bitumen deposits.

Alcohol fuels for aeroplanes and motor-cars can now be made readily and easily from wood and certain plants.

Up to now neither of these processes will produce a substitute as cheap as the natural product, but that time will undoubtedly come.

More than £20,000,000 is already invested in synthetic fuel processes.

And then what? Will we see the farmer growing crops—not to feed people but to provide raw material for the fuel stills?

Will the labour and the millions displaced in the oilfields find its way into the new industry? Will petrol from coal defer the inevitable end of coal deposits? Or will it mean the doom of the industry?

★ ★ ★

Recently, a great banker declared "Invention is what makes banking hazardous." A great inventor, Charles Kettering, has said that a research man's job "is to invent new needs for people."

How to take the "hazard" of those new needs which are constantly being devised and satisfied is the job of the leaders of our nations.

They must not wait until an avalanche of social problems hits us, and only disaster comes from something which should be good and give abundance.

America's committee is the first in the world to have tried to work out a method of planning against the problems of invention. Those problems are ours, too.

Why hasn't our Government made some step towards creating a similar body?

It took us fifty years to absorb and recover from the effects of a single invention like Arkwright's loom.

That should have been lesson enough.

Only by planning ahead can we build a better and less wasteful world.

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CROSSWORD No. 104.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 36 is presented the 104th of JOHN BULL'S crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Accuracy and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Accuracy of Completion. This feature will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL, Doctor Leonard Abramson, L.M.D., D.I.A., M.A.; and Doctor G. E. H. Joad, M.A., D.I.A.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry, solves the crossword puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any point in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the basis of aptness and accuracy, then competitors leave using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when results and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, April 29, 1938. The winners which decide the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S Free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending postcard to Bull's in Dept. 36, Bedford Street, W.C.1. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the Rules of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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'HAIR STRONG & HEALTHY AGAIN'



Read Mr. Cook's letter; his photograph shows how healthy his hair now is. Silvikrin is sold by chemists, hairdressers and stores. (Lotion 1/6-Pure Silvikrin 6/-)

15, Wombolt Road, LONDON, W.12.

Dear Sirs,
I write these few lines to tell you how much I think of Silvikrin. I found my hair was falling out so fast that my friends were all noticing it. I am now on my third bottle and cannot find the words to tell you how pleased I am, as my hair is strong and healthy again. I am sure I should have lost all my hair in time, if it was not for Silvikrin. (signed) W.J. COOK

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier



During a visit to Wormwood Scrubs Mr. Basil Henriques, who is a prison visitor of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, heard this lad's distressing story

Magistrates' Shocking Blunder

THIS is the story of an unfortunate lad and blundering magistrates.

His "crime" in the first instance was for riding a cycle at night without a light. A very reprehensible offence, no doubt. Thousands do it, as they should not, and get away with it.

Usually, if brought before the magistrate, they are fined about half-a-crown.

A bench of Metropolitan lay magistrates in their wisdom fined this boy 20s., and 2s. costs, or seven days in default.

As he was not present in court when this heavy fine was inflicted, and in the meantime had changed his address, he was ignorant of the punishment inflicted on him.

When he heard of the matter he declares that he wrote to the magistrates and explained why he had been unable to pay the fine inflicted on him. He was earning 28s. a week, out of which his board and lodging cost 22s.

The boy—he is a Welsh lad—is, however, no scribe. His handwriting is so illiterate as to be almost indecipherable, and the letter never reached its destination.

In due course a warrant was issued in default, and the young fellow was arrested and whisked off to Wormwood Scrubs prison to serve the alternative sentence of seven days.

And there, by the purest chance, Mr. Basil Henriques discovered him and was

horrified at the situation in which the lad was placed.

Mr. Henriques, among other things, is the Chairman of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, and has expressed himself in strong terms on the scandal.

A young Welshman, coming from the distressed areas, a stranger recently in our midst, lonely, ill-educated and without anyone to help him, stammering in his speech, was admittedly at a great disadvantage.

His omission to take steps to pay the fine, or ask for time, was due to ignorance and not ill-intent.

The police did not even inform his employers that he had been "picked up" and thrown into jail, and in consequence, unable to account for the boy's unexplained absence, they filled his place.

Fortunately, Mr. Henriques saw the employers. After he had explained the whole circumstances of the case they recognised the injustice of the proceedings and have taken the lad back into their employment.

But Mr. Henriques does not think the matter should be allowed to rest there. He says, and I cordially agree with him, that it is not merely a question of a Welsh boy being sent to prison, but the general principle of sending any boy to jail for such a trivial offence.

The lad is eighteen years of age, and, as Mr. Henriques remarks, the court had never suggested placing him under the supervision of a probation officer.

He was made to lose his job, to undergo all the experiences of prison life, all for an offence which in no sense marks him as a criminal.

Wales itself is roused to indignation over this matter. South Wales members of Parliament are proposing to bring the matter up in the House of Commons. Messrs. William John, M.P., Jim Griffiths, M.P., Arthur Pearson, M.P., and W. H. Mainwaring, M.P., are all determined to have the matter thrashed out.

And I hope the Home Office will begin to think hard about it. It is a disgraceful travesty of justice.

Public Bluffer Number One!

STRANGE financial adventures by a man named Herbert Wilcox, who, I must stress, has no connection with the well-known film producer, present a remarkable study in human credulity.

Wilcox shines in another sort of sphere—dubious company promotion.

For some years he has been actively concerned in promoting a company said to have rich timber concessions.

Confidential circulars sent out to prospective clients described it as a "great highland forest," and held out prospects of considerable profits.

* * *

But the company has never functioned. Among his victims is a hard-working builder and decorator, who ran across Wilcox at an address in Cambridge Street, Pimlico, London.

Wilcox explained that he was short of money because of an unaccountable delay in the promotion of an important concession in a forest in Yugo-Slavia.

To begin with, he duped the builder

of £120. Somehow, the wonderful forest company never seemed to get going.

Nevertheless, Wilcox has managed to obtain sums of money which total no less than £4,650 from this unfortunate victim.

Wilcox continued to tell him, over a long period, all kinds of reassuring stories, and it says much for his plausibility that the dupe had faith in him until the end.

To-day the builder is saddled with debt on money he borrowed for the scheme, and is now paying interest on it to the amount of £350 a year.

Rarely in my experience have I had occasion to deal with such continuous and heartless exploitation.

It may well be contended that Wilcox did not obtain this money under false pretences, but he went precious near the mark.

* * *

I have related the case of this builder, but he was only one among many other victims whom Wilcox beguiled.

In one case before me there is evidence to show that, by specious stories and similar tactics, Wilcox obtained over £3,000 from a Buckinghamshire victim, who was induced to become a director of one of his companies.

He resigned in disgust at some of the methods Wilcox employed.

Others, including elderly women, have lost substantial sums. I have had occasion to give publicity to Mr. Wilcox before.

His career has not been a happy one for his backers.

If they had known his earlier record they might have been more cautious in their dealings with him.

* * *

He was first made bankrupt in 1920, with liabilities of £26,190, and his assets were valueless.

So black was his case that his discharge was suspended for a period of seven years.

But within three years he managed to be made bankrupt again, with liabilities of £26,253.

No dividend has ever been paid, and he has never obtained his discharge.

Last November, to the dismay of his supporters, he was adjudged bankrupt for a third time, with liabilities of £11,200 and dubious assets.

His path is strewn with ruined victims.

I hope he will soon meet with the retribution he deserves.

Crooked Sob Sister

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, I am pleased to say, recently referred scathingly to the persistent operations of "unscrupulous professional beggars and organisers" who—owing to the weakness of the law—are able to continue deceiving the public, unhampered.

He urged the compulsory registration of all charities—an excellent recommendation which has been made in these columns for years.

The reference library at the offices of JOHN BULL contains hundreds of files relating to charity exploiters. One of them concerns an impudent venture named "The Forgotten People's Society."

This organisation, according to its literature which is broadcast on a wide scale, was formed to provide funds and employment for destitute people not in receipt of State aid.

Its organiser is Mrs. D. Dower, of Stories Mews, Stories Road, Camberwell, London, S.E.

Appeals made by this woman state that the Society was promoted for two reasons—to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak.

One was to collaborate with the recent Press campaign stressing that all rubbish usually thrown away should be saved—"our country urgently needs it at the present time for raw materials" is Mrs. Dower's patriotic note.

The other was to assist unfortunate people of the middle classes, at one time in good positions but down on their luck through some cruel twist of fortune's wheel.

Mrs. Dower piles on the sob-stuff. The people she seeks to help never possessed insurance cards and therefore cannot claim any unemployment or State aid.

"Only those who have experienced these terribly changed fortunes can understand the agony of mind these people suffer, they and their dear ones,

once accustomed to reasonable luxury and now denied the things that even the poorest enjoy. . . ."

To help them, presumably, Mrs. Dower is willing to accept anything. Old clothes, boots and shoes, old furniture, carpets and mats, gramophone records, wireless, scrap cars, old machinery, copper, zinc, aluminium, ornaments, woollens—and a host of other things which can be turned into money.

She does not mind how dirty or heavy the gifts may be. She is really most accommodating. Where possible, articles are cleaned by her staff and given to the needy. Others are, she says, sorted and despatched to various manufacturers engaged in Government work who require raw materials.

"A little help is worth more than a lot of pity," is one of her slogans. Another is "Many a mickle makes a muckle!"

It all looks very helpful and philanthropic to those who are willing to take Mrs. Dower at her face value.

Unfortunately, I have discovered something very disquieting about this woman and her impudent "Forgotten People's Society."

Not long ago she was taxed about her methods of collection, distribution of profits, etc., and, when pressed, admitted that she and certain associates were really the "forgotten people" for whom her widespread collections are made!

Presumably her motto is that charity begins at home!

But it is scandalous that charity can be abused in this impudent manner. It is a cruel and selfish exploitation of the public's charitable inclinations.

I have urged the need for sweeping reform in the law affecting charity appeals for years. I can only hope that the Archbishop of Canterbury's recent appeal will help me to see my repeated recommendations in this respect adopted in the near future.

Your Watchdog Barks!

Plausible agents of a bogus society are pestering North Country housewives to sign a petition against use of poison gas. For each signature they ask one shilling expenses. Sheer fraud.

Similar ramp is going on about gas masks. Men are getting half-crowns from credulous people by saying they can reserve individual gas masks at the A.R.P. headquarters. Keep them waiting until a policeman comes along.

Look out for the well-dressed young man in distress over loss of the overcoat—containing all his money—left in a car. He will take your name and address when you fall for his tale and lend him a few shillings to help him out. Keep your money!

Pretty blonde saleswomen are peddling so-called tonic wine to women to overcome that spring-cleaning feeling. It is practically valueless.

FOR SMALL TRADERS,
SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.

Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide. Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 assort. articles, 10/-, 48 cups, sets, 4/-, Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free. Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burnham.

FOX BROS. for SMALLWARES, Flashlights, Toilet Goods, Hosiery, etc. Keen Wholesale. Free List Free. 38B, Thomas St., Manchester, 4.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc. (wholesale only).—LEWY BROS., Dept. A., 29, Houndditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE Goods to Sell. Every kind. Easy Terms for Spare-time Agent & Shopkeeper. 144-Page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), Birmingham.

EASY MONEY CAN BE EARNED SELLING DRAPERY. Send p.c. for illus. Wholesale Catlg. ARCHER'S 62/48, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

SMALL Traders, apply for free 150-page catlg. of up-to-the-minute lines. — L. Frankenburg, Ltd., 37, Houndditch, London, E.C.3.

116-PAGE New 1937 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue. Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household, Boots & Shoes. Satis. G'ntd. Wake only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds, 1.

SOMETHING NEW.—Razor blades with your own brand or name on wrapper, packet and display outer. Retail at 1/- dozen. We do this for you in small quantities, even one gross, because we know you will repeat. We take the risk. Build your own business instead of building for others. Finest British sword steel.—Particulars from:—**ROTOMATIC LIMITED, FLORENCE GROVE, LONDON, S.E.14.**

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS to sell perfect quality Tea. Packed in attractive cartons. Good profits. Write, Sealon Tea Co., Dept. J.B., Mitcham, Surrey.

£3 CASH BONUS and 50% Sales people, either sex, all parts of U.K., whole or spare time, for 1/- and 1/6 copyright lines. Selling like wildfire in offices, factories, shops, house-to-house. Samples of actual lines free, post paid.—Write now, before territory allocated.—**B. A. Herbert, Albert Grove, Bristol, 5.**

EMPLOYMENT.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

Vacancies exist in all branches. Good pay. Food, clothing and accommodation free. Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay. Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

has vacancies for Skilled Semi-Skilled and Unskilled Men.—Apply for age limits and full particulars to: Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 30, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £7 13s. per week. Age 18-25. Excellent prospects. Details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.T. (Dept. 537), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' Handbook for 1937 (FREE).—Contains information on pay, prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 18-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 603), 236, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

A GREAT Guide to Careers.—FREE. The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship and the Public Services. Write to-day. **THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY, 343, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.**

75 VACANCIES.

SEVENTY-FIVE vacancies occur for men aged 19-21 as Customs and Excise Officers. Commencing pay, £3 8s., rising to £11 per week. No experience required. For full details of entrance requirements apply, B.T.I. (Dept. 501), 236, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects, with pension. No experience required. For FREE details of vacancies, etc., apply C.C. (Dept. 472), 235, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES—aged 18 to 25; no experience. For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 531), 236, Oxford St., W.1.

DRAFTSMEN.—Numerous vacancies in Engineering, Building, G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, etc., FREE on application to B.I.T. (Dept. 562), Staple Inn Buildings, LONDON, W.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1938 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 18 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 236, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE OFFICERS.—Start £3 8s. weekly, rising to £11 p.w. Interesting outdoor occupation. No exp. required. Details of openings for young men under 21 from C.C. (Dept. 49), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 1/10 Welsh, 3/4 Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Butehall & Dickson, 223, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 511.)

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post?—the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in John Bull's famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., John Bull, Room 22, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 32, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats & Novelty, Wigs, etc. Send for free bargain list.—"Unusdom," 79/73, Arundel Street Portsmouth.



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"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Bock's British Carnival Novelty, 129, Upper St., London, N.1.

WALLPAPERS for Householders and traders from 2d. 250 patterns post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS LIST FREE.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. J.B.), 228, MILE END RD., London, E.1.

FREE FILMS for your Camera! If you think it sounds too good to be true, read the advt. of Gratapool Co. on page 2.

EVERY home should have an Acme Portable Wringer-Mangle—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangle. Write at once, mentioning John Bull, for free illus. booklet, 2s., describing all models, sizes, prices, etc., to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David St., Glasgow, S.E. See p. 23.

FREE Furnishing Catalogue.—Fill in the coupon on p. 4, or write, mentioning John Bull, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 345, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1. for free Catalogue full of bargains of furniture, pianos, etc.

FREE to men and boys. Illustrated lists showing styles and prices of Impregnable Footwear. Simply fill in the coupon in the advertisement on p. 27. Send coupon now while you think of it!

Most men had the OLIVE OIL SHAVE this morning

...and got these
5 Advantages

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2 Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
- 4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
- 5 Fine after effects due to olive oil content.

You won't be left long wondering why Palmolive went on more shaving brushes this morning than any other shaving preparation. There are five easy clues to help you! But perhaps the most important of all, is that Palmolive has an olive oil content which soothes the tenderest skin and gives a refreshing after shave effect that's just grand!

6d. 1/4

CYCLISTS.—A halfpenny stamp brings you a fine 30-page illustrated book of bargains—Tandems, Cycles, Tricycles, etc. Use the coupon top of page 3 (advt. of James Green, Ltd.).

ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS.—Let Mrs. Howard give you her expert advice on dressing the Modern Baby. See her advertisement, page 3 Home-made 75-piece Layette for only 50/-.. Also choicest quality, 63/-..

FREE.—A Recipe Book and particulars of a marvellous way of cooking the only logical way to conserve all the natural juices of meats, vegetables and fruits. Fill in the coupon in the NEW WORLD Gas Cooker advertisement on page 23. No obligation is incurred. Full details of this method of the "Recipe Book" and a free Recipe Book will be sent by return. Every housewife should apply at once. If you prefer you can write, mentioning John Bull, to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. 24/4), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE NEW BEREKLEY SUPERLAX EASY CHAIR makes one forget one's troubles and weariness. It moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. The makers of this chair, H. J. Barks & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 70/72, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue giving details of this chair and other Berkeley models, which will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning John Bull, to their address, or to those who prefer it, fill in the coupon on p. 23.

FREE.—A very useful booklet, "Equipment for the Cyclist and Motor Cyclist," will be sent to all readers who fill in and post the coupon to the address given on page 21. Terry's amazing new saddle inventions are waterproof and enable you to seat as you ride after one minute's adjustment. Get fullest information free by filling in coupon on p. 21 now, while you think of it.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

MAKING POULTRY PAY.—Cash in on Poultry Profit by getting the "Feathered World." Year Book 1937. All problems are dealt with in a practical, to-the-point manner. Over 200 pages and 25 illustrations in photographs. You need it to send 5/- to the "FEATHERED WORLD," Dept. J.B.2, 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

FREE.—"Your Garden." 60-page book in full colour. Advice on Gardening by leading experts—Richard Sudell, H. H. Cook, H. Watercroft, Reg. Beale, etc. Limited Number only. Send a p.c. (1d. stamp) for YOURS now.—LASCO, LTD. (Dept. 1, LIVERPOOL).

WHY TURF YOUR LAWN? OUR Special Lawn Seed ensures a fine velvet sward-free lawn. 1/- lb. 5/-, 7 lb. 5/-, 14 lb. 9/6, 28 lb. 18/6, 56 lb. 35/6, 112 lb. 69/6. Or C.O.D. Carriage paid. Sowing instructions enclosed. Illustrated Seed Annual Free.—BOWERBUTTS, Seedsmen, M.H.18, ARBON-UNDER-LYNE.

SCOTCH Seed Potatoes. Cheap to clear: all kinds. Write for Lists, Kent Fruit Co. (L.), New Market, London. Phone: Hops. 6237.

HOLIDAY CAMPS.

FRANKLES GOLF HOLIDAY CAMP. Colwell Bay, Isle of Wight.—Book now for a jolly holiday. Send for brochure to A. G. Freese.

1938 HOLIDAY CAMP GUIDE. Send for comprehensive illus. handbook of Holiday Camps in Gt. Britain and compete for FREE holiday. Post free 5d.—HOLIDAY CAMP BUREAU, 25, Shaftesbury Av., London, W.1.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

FAMOUS CARLTON DRUMS & ACCESS. Piano-Accord., Trumpets, Guitars. 1d. p.c. brings 1938 Cat. free. Earliest Terms.—J. B. Raymond, 6, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

YOU can get attractive Murphy Mains Table and other models on hire-purchase terms. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City Herts. for catalogue, etc. See p. 4.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 71, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliances. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Bands and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (1938M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets, are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1/1d. stamp for details.—Ridway Tablet Co., 24-26, Codnor, Derby.

FREE Sample of Cephus will quickly convince you of effectiveness of this Harley Street Physician's Remedy for Colds and Influenza. Does not affect heart. Safe and certain. Send p.c.—CEPHUS, Ltd. (Dept. 25), BLACKBURN.

A SPINKER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headaches and nausea. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Spinkers Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Bankbury, Oxon., for name and address of nearest corsetier. See page 24.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a liberal free trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Lotion. It cleanses the skin and cures all skin troubles.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.5, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. See p. 27.

IF you suffer with influenza, colds or fevers, send for a free copy of "Everybody's Doctor" to Alfred Pennington, Cowes, Isle of Wight. Mention John Bull when writing. See page 35.

ASTHMA CONQUERED! Generous free samples of Dr. Singh's Asthma Tablets are offered in the advertisement on page 14. Fill in the coupon and enclose necessary stamp to cover postage, etc.

AN instructive 50-page book on how to build strength and get renewed energy can be obtained post free and without obligation on application to Health Products Laboratory, Ltd., Dept. J.B.4/1, 16, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Sq., London, W.1. See page 35.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials. Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 71, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Simply fill in the coupon on page 22 or send a postcard to Cranbury, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.5), Norwich.

FREE.—The Dart Board and Darts illustrated on page 24 can be exchanged for Royce's Cocoa coupons, to send 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.B.44, Royce's & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a wonderful free booklet and voucher, worth 3 coupons, which will give you full particulars of offer. Write at once for free booklet.

HOUSEWIVES, get a free copy of a booklet, "A Lesson in Soup & Sauce Making." Simply fill in your name and address in the Coupon in the Stork Margarine advt. on p. 25.

FREE.—A beautiful book illustrated in colour of modern colour schemes of Maiseau colours is offered to John Bull readers. Simply send a p.c. with your name and address in block capitals to Lewis Berger & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. J.7), Homerton, London, E.9. (See p. 25).

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skincreams for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Powders, Talcum, Mousse of Cream face powder and 6 packages of different colours, also Crème Talcum Skinlotion. Address: Talcum, Ltd. (Dept. 222K), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. See page 24.

TAKE your holiday early this year, when you get extra hours of sunshine, avoid overcrowding of late summer, and can travel in comfort. Information will be supplied if you write to the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.1. See page 12.

WOMEN readers, permanently wave your hair yourself while you read, work or sleep. Simple as A.B.C. No heat—no machines—no electricity. Complete outfit, nothing else to buy, 1/6 post free from Kestura (Kestura), Ltd. (Dept. 13), 8/8, Clements Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2. Write, mentioning John Bull, for full particulars. See page 33.

Audacious 'Merchant Service' Swindle

A NEW variation of the Persian rug swindle is being worked by salesmen-tricksters in many towns and quiet hamlets. One man uses the name of Drayson, or Dracoon, and another Grayson.

The fraud is being operated in this way: Conspirator No. 1 calls on a well-to-do householder and represents himself as a seaman of the Mercantile Marine just home from the East. He is dressed for the part.

Anxious to dispose of a few Persian rugs he has brought back on his last voyage, he is only too willing to let them go at a great sacrifice if he can get rid of them quickly.

Of course, he gives the impression that he is a jolly salt, who does not know anything about Persian rugs.

The unwary fall into the trap and buy a rug or more, persuaded they have made a good bargain.

A few days later another man calls with a car. He says he is the representative of a well-known firm of Oxford Street, London, Messrs. Folkard and Son.

His object is to purchase Persian rugs. He is willing to offer a good price.

The owner of the Persian rug produces it. At once the caller is delighted with it. He says it is a fine specimen of Persian work and the owner is fortunate.

Will he sell it? His firm are keen to buy up such valuable rugs and will be prepared to pay handsomely for it. Pounds are offered where the purchaser had paid shillings.

Cash will be paid by his firm on taking delivery and they will collect it in a few days.

The bargain is made. The householder congratulates himself on his or her successful deal.

Before leaving the plausible caller asks casually if the householder has any other carpets or antiques for sale. Often quite a number of curios are purchased for a high price.

If he has made a good impression he suggests it might save time if he took the purchases away on the spot. He has a car outside.

Needless to say, if the owner parts with them he loses everything.

* * *

But where the householder is less confiding and will only hand over on receipt of cash, the pleasant caller agrees the price and says another representative of Folkard's will call with the money.

Instead, the supposed seaman returns. His new mode of approach is that he has been unlucky.

One or two of his rugs are unsold. Would the householder like another bargain? His price is higher than before, but still the householder sees what he thinks is a great chance. Because the representative of Messrs. Folkard will be calling in a day or two and there is every hope of selling the rug or rugs at a handsome profit.

Then comes disillusionment. The rugs are worthless trash. No representative calls to collect the purchases, bringing the cash.

In the meantime, the rogues have shifted to another part of the country playing the same shabby trick.

Some of the victims have parted with considerable sums. One lady handed over goods worth £200 and another was defrauded of over £100.

The confederate who followed up the alleged seaman made much play with printed cards and letter-headings bearing the name of "Folkard and Sons, Ltd., 355, Oxford Street."

* * *

Naturally, the old-established and highly-respected firm of Messrs. Folkard and Son, of 355, Oxford Street, have been seriously harassed by the complaints made to them.

Many victims threatened the firm with legal action until the truth was known. So far, these impudent confidence-tricksters have eluded arrest.

Any of our readers who are visited by these rogues should immediately communicate with the police.



Arrested for taking a Stroll!

TWO brothers, Hugh and Charles Roberts, of Kilburn Lane, Queen's Park, London, decided to set out for a walk from their lodgings one recent sunny afternoon.

They little thought that they would be thrown into police cells and their finger-prints taken, yet such was the sequel.

Their story, as told to the magistrates, was that in the course of their stroll they

walked through Queen's Park, Kensal Rise, and later to Sidmouth Road, where there is a sports field.

Hugh, interested in sport, out of curiosity pulled himself up on the fence to see if any game was on.

There was not, so the two passed on. In a road farther along, where there is a roundabout and seats, they sat down to rest.

When they started for home they were accosted by two men in plain clothes, who said they were police officers. They were then informed that the officers had had them under observation for an hour and a quarter.

Resenting the attitude of the officers, whose suspicious questions seemed uncalled for, one of them asked: "Can't we take a walk and seat without being under observation?"

Nevertheless, they were arrested and charged with being suspected persons loitering with intent to commit a felony. They were locked in the cells for over three hours until their landlord appeared to bail them out.

Moreover, they were subjected to the indignity of having their finger-prints taken. This was an utterly unjustifiable act on the part of the police.

Their whole action seems to have been high-handed and inexcusable. Both the Roberts brothers have entirely clean records, and when brought before the magistrates it was proved that Hugh had lived at the same address for five years and held a high character.

The Willesden magistrates, with Dr. J. S. Crone presiding, dismissed the charge without calling on the other brother, Charles.

It is true that both brothers refused to give their names and addresses when first accosted by the officers, due solely to their indignation, but they did so when arrested.

There is always a difficulty as to what constitutes loitering with intent, and the police as a rule exercise wise discretion. Occasionally they are liable to be over-zealous, with harmful results.

But if everyone who strolls around is liable to be charged as a suspect we shall be getting uncommonly near to Hitlerism.

Hugh Roberts—
with his brother
he suffered a
cruel indignity

Chaos in a Cemetery

MANY people in Portsmouth nurse a strange, sad grievance against the Corporation, which controls Kingston cemetery.

One of them is Mr. Thomas George Brockhurst, of 235, Sultan Road.

His twelve-year-old daughter died twelve months ago. He has visited her grave every day—preferring to look after it himself in memory of his dear one.

Because he did the work himself, and, presumably, did not pay certain dues, the grave was levelled.

* * *

If it had had a stone kerb round it, it would not have been touched, no matter how untidy might have been its appearance.

Mrs. Ivy Phillips lives in Southsea. Two of her dear ones are buried in this same Kingston cemetery, and she visits their graves almost every day.

Now she has received a peremptory order that the graves will be levelled unless she pays 10s. down and 6s. a year afterwards, for other people to do the work she loves to do herself.

One of my investigators visited the scene of this chaotic innovation. The ground had been flattened and rolled. Whole stretches look like plain lawns, although they conceal scores of graves.

Here and there was an alabaster bowl, or a wreath of artificial flowers, which the levelling had left behind. Rose trees had been snatched mercilessly from the ground. The spades of the gravediggers had dug up bulbs and flowering plants of all kinds.

In the ground one could see little marking cobble-stones, just numbered, unnamed.

The cemetery is a very large one and has been in use for a long period.

Graves had been neglected for years, and there is no doubt that the levelling was justified.

But the process has now been carried to the newer parts of the cemetery where local people have been buried in recent years. And the arbitrary action of the Portsmouth Corporation has brought very great distress to a large number of poor people.

In the future a sum of 10s. must be paid for the turfing of a grave, and after that 6s. a year for upkeep by the cemetery staff. If these sums are not forthcoming, the grave is levelled without further notice, and a cobble-stone duly inserted in the ground.

The official reason given for this action is that otherwise the cemetery would become untidy on account of the difficulty of keeping the grass down. For when the graves are levelled, the grass can be cut with a motor lawnmower.

* * *

Indignation at this official attitude in some quarters of Portsmouth is running very high.

Many acts which may be justified on certain grounds can greatly offend the susceptibilities of the public.

It would be equitable on the part of the Corporation to allow those who undertake to keep their graves tidy and in proper condition to do so without paying any fee.

Then those who do not can have no complaint if graves are levelled and sown with grass.

I commend this solution to the Town Clerk of Portsmouth, and thus to soothe the angered and resentful feelings of those who pay regular homage to their loved ones in Kingston cemetery.

Domestic Servants Tricked

A DOMESTIC servant, wanting a new situation, registered at a firm called the Wyndham Agency, of Melcombe Street, Paddington, London. She was suited with a job.

Her mistress paid the agency 30s. as a booking fee, and shortly after the servant was surprised to receive a demand for a payment of 28s., claimed as owing by herself.

This demand was shortly followed by a threatening letter that if settlement was not made the matter would be placed in other hands. The very next day she received a menacing communication from the "Imperial Agency," of 7, Praed Street, Paddington.

It was also couched in threatening language to the effect that within seven days it would apply to the county court for a summons without further notice.

Moreover, the letter bore a typewritten notice on the envelope, "From Debt

Collector, 7, Praed Street, W." This bombardment was followed by a postcard from 7, Praed Street, signed Imperial Agency, with the words "Debt Collectors" in large capitals.

Thereupon the servant, having taken advice, told the Wyndham Agency that they were not entitled to 28s. in advance of a year's wages, only to a commission of 6d. weekly. She sent them 2s.

The Imperial Agency, with its high-sounding title, occupied a small room on the top floor. It has since gone away, owing rent. Wyndham Agency has likewise shut down.

This last concern claims to be licensed by the L.O.C., but investigations show that is not the case.

I can reveal that the moving spirit in all this is one George Jarrard, whom JOHN BULL has had occasion to expose many times for carrying on employment

frauds. Among his various schemes was Jarrard's Mercantile Agency, which name was not registered under the Business Names Act until after it closed down. There was also Dixon's Agency, through which he exploited the investment-with-employment dodge and got into trouble with the police.

Neither the Imperial Agency nor Wyndham Agency is registered, and Jarrard is subject to considerable penalties for evasion.

The case of the servant I have cited is typical of the Jarrard habit. He makes unjustified demands for money to which he is not entitled, and follows them up by an insidious form of dunning not far removed from blackmail.

It is to be hoped the authorities will consider that Mr. Jarrard and those connected with this form of ramp should be brought to book.

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 3

Norma starts her new job



I WANT A REALLY NICE, MILD TOILET SOAP. WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?

Knight's Castile, MADAM.



WHO IS THAT ATTRACTIVE GIRL ON THE PERFUMERY COUNTER, MISS WILLIAMS?

OH, THAT'S MISS KNIGHT, THE NEW GIRL. SHE'S MOST SATISFACTORY.

Norma soon settled down at Berridges, and her charming appearance and fresh complexion brought her many a sale.

One day the floor manager noticed her and asked the head of the department about her.



HOW DO YOU LIKE THE WORK, MISS KNIGHT?

VERY MUCH, THANK YOU.



JUST BECAUSE THE MANAGER'S NICE TO YOU, YOU NEEDN'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD.

And spoke to her at the end of the day.

But Norma soon found that she had an enemy in Peggy, the girl on the next counter.

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SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE



In the next instalment Norma renews a famous acquaintance. Look out for more about Norma, the Knight's Castile Girl, soon.

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IS CATCHING ON



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Marcella whiffs

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If you're looking for Furniture Bargains don't overlook Jays Easter Offer on page 4.

Free Catalogues can be obtained by sending the Coupon.

Cherry Blossom Rhymes



"Since, Aladdin, you wish to know,
The reason why my shoes shine so,
Note well the name of the polish I use,
Tis Cherry Blossom — so good for shoes.
It keeps them smart and proof against damp
Each rub works magic, like your magic lamp.
Every day, a little I use,
That's why they call me Goody Two Shoes."

The DAILY
polish with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

only takes a minute and makes shoes look their best

CS/JK/3

Armed robbery is on the increase. Britain

must face and conquer the . . .

GUNMEN are becoming a serious problem in this country of ours.

During the past few months there has been an alarming increase in the number of robberies, attempted robberies, house-breakings and burglaries in which the offenders have carried firearms.

There have been four instances lately of London policemen shot and wounded when making arrests.

A trial just ended at the Old Bailey sessions brought home to the public in startling fashion the risks which the Metropolitan police may at any moment be called on to face in the course of duty.

Police chiefs are worried, and so are officials of the Home Secretary's department. They know what is happening.

Look at these figures from the newly issued volume of "Criminal Statistics."

"Violence Against the Person" is the relative heading in this Whitehall blue-book, which includes reports from all the police forces of England and Wales.

Prisoners accused of serious offences of violence totalled 1,412. Of that number, 1,155 were found guilty of wounding.

Juvenile and adolescent offenders in this category totalled 250.

Grim reading that. And even more grim is the fact that in armed hold-ups and shootings the majority of offenders are in the early twenties.

IN provincial cities—even in country districts—there is the same threat of arms as in London.

Here are some examples:

BOLTON (Lancashire): Mrs. Sarah Ann Harrison, an elderly widow, living alone in her small grocery shop, was brutally struck down by blows from a revolver butt. A masked man had entered the shop, threatened the woman with his pistol, and demanded money.

ST. ALBANS (Hertfordshire): Mrs. R. J. Buttle was waylaid by an assailant in the road near her home. He threat-

ened her with a revolver, then snatched her handbag.

GRANGE (Lancashire): Two young men demanded money at the house of a dairyman. They emphasized their insistence with revolvers.

SOUTHAMPTON (Hampshire): Mrs. Gertrude Slincock, returning at night to her home in Stoddart Avenue, was met by an intruder and covered with a revolver. The man escaped.

LEATHERHEAD (Surrey): Two brothers, aged twenty-three and nineteen, attempted to hold-up a garage. When the garage attendant slammed the door in their faces, and was phoning for help, shots were fired at him through the door.

HAYMARKET (London): Burglars in a flat, discovered by the police. They are tackled, and one of them produces a gun and shouts "Stand away or I'll shoot." When that man is captured after a struggle he is found to be in possession of an automatic pistol with seven live cartridges in the magazine. These cases can be multiplied.

HARDLY a week passes without notice in the *Police Gazette* of some wanted criminal, with this warning added to his description: "Is dangerous, known to be carrying arms, and may shoot."

Any family returning home after an evening's entertainment may find themselves face to face with a gunman.

Easy to argue that the burglar is more frightened than you are.

Menace of the Gunman



Fear may make him shoot to kill

The real danger lies in his fear. His trigger finger is trembling. Anything may make him shoot to kill.

Not long ago thieves entered a house at Northwood, Middlesex, and, while ransacking a drawer, discovered an old Army revolver and ammunition.

They loaded it, and placed it handy on a dressing-table. It was there when the police arrived.

Suppose those thieves had been disturbed. The chances are that that revolver would have been used.

Every young housebreaker—as soon as he enters a temporarily vacant house—now makes some provision for resistance. He places a weapon ready for attack or defence.

These juvenile criminals are the danger because their nerves are on a knife-edge of anxiety.

Carrying arms gives them a sense of security. A pistol butt in the hand is a comfort. And they are just as likely to shoot as they are likely to run.

That is the nightly risk of the suburban householder.

Older crooks rarely carry arms. They realise the harder punishment they will receive if caught.

The country house burglar—an expert searching for substantial booty—goes on "a job" with his own two hands; the tools of his trade, and nothing else.

Although he is a dangerous man, ready to hit and maim, he will run no

risk of an attempted murder or murder charge.

Gun carriers are the novices who practise suburban house and shop breaking.

Imported from America, the gas-gun is the latest weapon in the young burglar's armoury.

This weapon has a six-inch, large-bore barrel and expels ammonia or tear-gas. Anyone receiving a full charge of either of these gases full in the face may be blinded.

REGULATIONS for the sale of firearms in Britain are rigid. No one can buy a revolver or magazine pistol or ammunition for them without a police permit and a licence.

But there are secret arms markets in London and every big port which the police have failed to stop.

Most of the weapons are smuggled from Belgium.

Discreet enquiries in the West End of London will lead a prospective buyer to an individual who has a number of foreign-made automatics and ammunition for sale.

Prices—considering the risks of the business—are not exorbitant. The weapons are handed over in a restaurant and bar near Piccadilly.

It is the same in Liverpool, Hull, Southampton and Dover.

Revolvers and magazine pistols can always be bought if the ground is carefully prepared.

With the new methods the police in London and the provinces hoped to prevent the serious growth of house-breaking and burglary in residential areas.

They did for a time. Statistics even began to show a decline in these crimes.

But now they are on the increase. Once more the criminal mind has learned the police mind.

And the rising generation of house-breakers and burglars are carrying arms. This peril must be conquered.

We referred a week or so ago to canvassers who purported to come from local educational authorities. The Waverley Book Co. have pointed out that some of their works are of an educational character and they ask us to dissociate their name from the methods criticised. We willingly do so.

Courtesy Caught Out!

SCHOOLBOYS were little gentlemen
When father was a lad.
Who failed to call the pater "Sir,"
Dire punishment would then incur,
And serve him right, the cod!

The young of that more gracious age
Stood till their seniors sat;
Nor did they show unseemly mirth
To see a gent. of portly girth
A-chasing of his hat!

Come on, you fellows, play the game,
And show them that to-day
Good manners have not gone to pot!
They seem an awful lot of rot,
But, still, sometimes they pay!

When I was head boy at St. Swintha's,
fellows in the fifth form who failed in politeness to elderly citizens were sent to Coventry, while any beastly little prep school tick who similarly offended was jolly well nearly murdered.

In those days we relied for information about the Facts of Life on Talbot Baines Reed and other perfectly spiffing authors of school stories, and these made it plain that courtesy towards strange old gentlemen was a sound and far-sighted policy.

The accepted theory was that any old jester toward whom Framlingham Major



Not from the B.B.C.

or Plumpton Minor contrived to behave Jolly Decently was bound to visit the Head and

(a) Arrange for the entire school to have a holiday;

(b) Leave his fortune to Framlingham Major or Plumpton Minor;

(c) Die with convenient rapidity.

In these circumstances Jolly Decency became the rule.

But in recent years schoolboy manners are said to have declined.

The Press, pointing to what has happened in connection with the Davis Trust in America, suggests that our own chaps are probably no better.

Thirty years ago Samuel G. Davis's hat blew off. A boy attending Mashpee school picked it up and returned it, and, what's

more, the beastly little saint even refused a tip!

Whereupon Sam established a Trust Fund to reward pupils of the school who revealed "good, kind manners."

Now, however, the school officials are seeking legal sanction to use the fund for maintenance of school buildings, on the ground that there are no pupils who conform to Sam's specifications.

Nor is this surprising in view of Samuel's own deplorable conduct in ignoring that part of the school code, as expounded by T. B. Reed and Co., which decrees that any rich, eccentric gent. who decides to reward a schoolboy in his will shall succumb to a heart attack within one year.

To linger beyond this period is rotten bad form and practically amounts to letting the side down!

All faith in human nature and Religion is destroyed

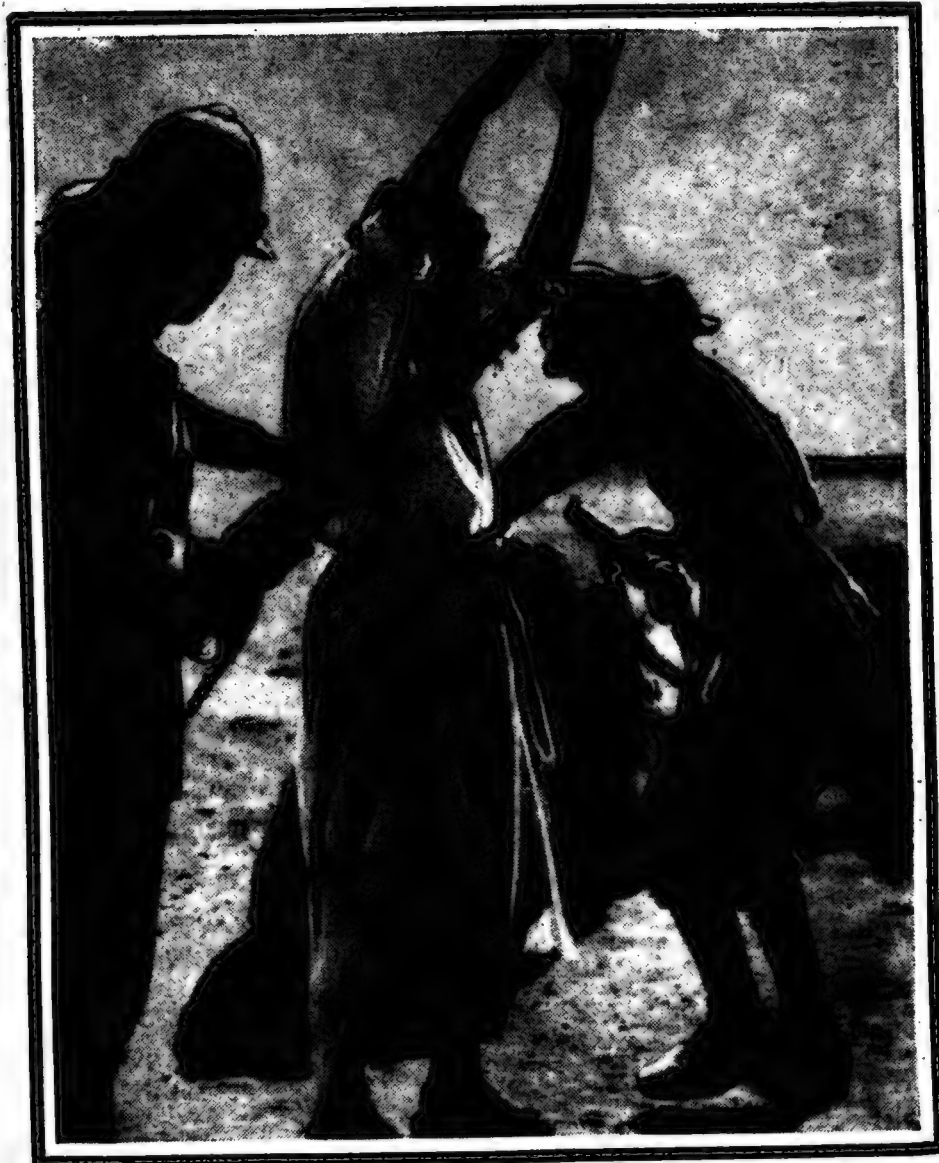
When rich, eccentric strangers thus Deceive our growing boys!

For though we're told "Politeness pays,"

Only a mutt's prepared To wait for thirty years before A dividend's declared!

Y. Z.

I Saw for Myself . . .



Desert police trailed this Bedouin, suspected of opium smuggling, across the sand dunes for days. Where he had hidden the drugs was a puzzle; then —



They examined his camel. This picture shows how holes had been clipped in its coat, slabs of drugs concealed in them, and then the hairs glued on again

"G" Men of the Dope War

Gateway to the East, Suez Canal is the highway of the most terrible traffic in the world—the traffic in drugs. In the desert that fringes its banks a never-ending war is being waged against the smugglers. Secrets of that war are revealed to you here—

By a "John Bull" Investigator

I HAVE just returned from Egypt, the highway of the world's dope traffic.

There I saw drug smugglers, addicts, exhibits, hospital cases, police patrols, coast-guards, Camel Corps men and the air patrols, who hunt the smugglers in a never-ending war by land, sea and air.

Drugs are Egypt's greatest curse.

She spends a fortune annually in fighting them.

It is not her fault. Egypt is the victim of Levantine and Japanese drug barons, who pump tons of cocaine, heroin, diamorphine and hashish through the Suez Canal and across the deserts.

Their big markets are Paris, London and New York. The bigger the cities the greater the evil.

There were three arrests in my first fortnight. Three men were caught trying to smuggle a cargo of hashish in news-print rolls.

Another man sank a big run of dope in water-tight tins in Alexandria Harbour.

Two schoolboys, fourteen and sixteen years of age respectively, were arrested as agents. The barons of this evil trade spare neither age, sex nor religion in their vampire preying on human weakness.

The three drugs which come to London are cocaine, heroin and diamorphine. Potent in small quan-

ties, they are easy to conceal. One sniff and the pain has gone. Two sniffs and you are in paradise. A few more sniffs and one day you wake up to find yourself in hell, victim of a habit difficult to discard.

These drugs are the curse of the night life of Paris, the dance clubs and bottle parties of the West End of London, the back-street dope-dens, low cafes and third-class public-houses of London's dockland, of Swansea, Hull, Cardiff, and other great ports.

Convictions in Great Britain occur with monotonous regularity.

Take two recent cases: First there was Thomas Zonzie, 66-year-old Yugoslav, sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Swansea for possessing half-an-ounce of perfumed opium. Half-an-ounce is not much, but it can wreck a life.

Path to hell

Police suspected Zonzie of regularly obtaining drugs from ships which traded between Britain and the Near East.

Zonzie got this particular half-ounce from a ship in Swansea Dock. He took it to an Arab shopkeeper named Hassan Salaam, and asked him to sell it for him for either 35s. or £2.

Salaam was having none of it. Almost in the same week there was a case at the opposite end of the scale.

Gerald Edward O'Brien, former £10,000-a-year accountant, the master-brain behind the West End bottle-party racket, was sent to jail for six months at Lewes for

possessing six grammes of heroin. Six grammes means five hundred doses—five hundred lives started on the path to hell.

Then there was pretty, pathetic little Bella Gold, Titian-haired dance hostess.

Bella lived the gay night life under the bright lights of the West End.

Her home was a luxurious flat at Marble Arch.

When the police raided it they found not one drug, but three—cocaine, diamorphine and hashish.

She confessed she had obtained them from a man in Paris, who was described in court as "a beast in human form."

In Bella's flat were no fewer than twenty-six Air Mail letters from Paris.

Eleven contained references to dope to be supplied to her and other people.

Those are three recent angles on this frightful traffic in this country. It is difficult to detect, rich in its rewards, permeating every sector of society from the highest to the lowest.

I have seen obvious drug addicts in the most fashionable restaurants and the most expensive hotels in the West End.

And I have seen them in rags

and tatters, bare-footed and glassy-eyed, in the filthy, seething back streets of Cairo, in the waterside rat-runs of Alexandria.

I have seen the evidence of their crimes, the tricks of their trade, in the police barracks of both cities, and in the hospitals of Egypt.

I spoke at length with the man who has directed the war against dope for nine years, Colonel T. E. Russell Pasha, Commandant of Cairo City Police, the most feared and respected man in all Egypt.

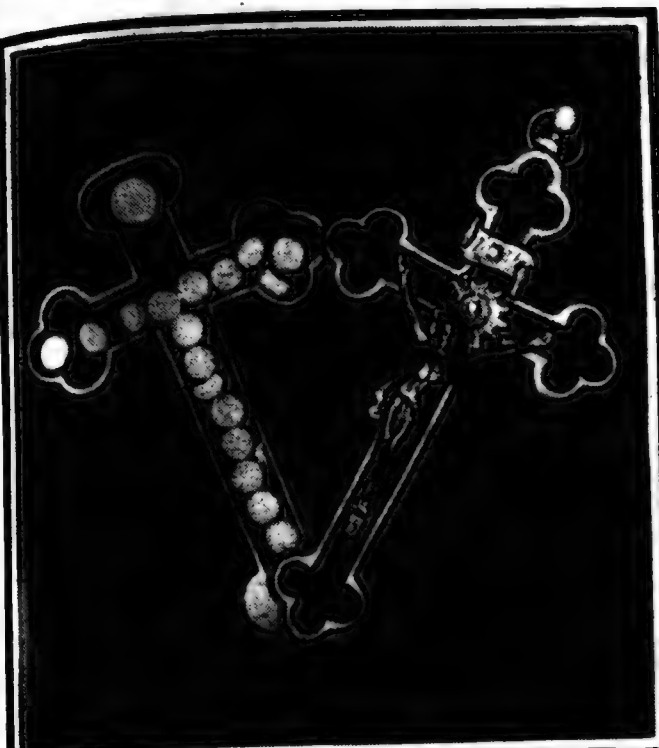
"Japan is the source of the trouble," he said. "And Paris, London, New York are the markets. Egypt is the victim on route."

He leaned back in the big chair in his high, very English-looking room at the Police Headquarters in the heart of Cairo, and looked at me, grimly.

Russell Pasha is a grim man—on duty. Off duty his hobbies are watching birds and tracking ibex in the savage Red Sea Hills.

He commands the finest police force in the Near East.

The world owes him a debt it should never forget, for in 1929, inspired and backed by the then Prime Minister of Egypt, Mohamed Mahmud Pasha—now once again in power—he began the drive against drugs which broke up some of the



Even a crucifix is not sacred to the smuggler. This one has been specially made as a container for dope pills



Caught red-handed—this Chinese seaman had been watched for months by the anti-narcotic squad



Phials of dope were worn as a garter by one woman smuggler

greatest gangs of criminals in the world.

The favourite drug was hashish, for centuries the curse of the Orient.

But hashish is bulky. It weighs a good deal, takes up a lot of room. It has to be grown in the fields, where it can be detected. Not an easy proposition.

So hashish gradually became unpopular. Cocaine, heroin and diamorphine took its place. They are easier to pack and sell.

Britain's peril lies in the methods by which these drugs are smuggled through to the neurotic, overwrought young men and women who make up a large proportion of the night life of London.

So Egypt's problem is no longer purely a national one. She has become the international channel for "white" drugs shipped from Japan and North China to France, Britain and America.

It is not Egypt's fault that she should be the international highway of the world's most evil traffic. It is part of the price she must pay for the Suez Canal, the world's highway between East and West.

Between 450 and 500 vessels arrive in Suez each month from China, India and the Persian Gulf.

Three-quarters carry Oriental crews. The moment they arrive they are surrounded by swarms of bumboatmen, cargo workers, steam-tugs, tally-clerks, bunkering hands, repair gangs, newspaper sellers, money-changers, dragomans and a horde of other people who live on a handful of dates and the smell of a rag.

Thrilling hunt

All are ideal agents for the smuggler.

The worst stretches of the waterfront are first, the Sharia Saint Helena, which is a mile long, at the entrance to the Canal, where there is no Customs barrier, and anyone can come and go freely to the nine landing stages.

Second, the Refinery basin, so badly controlled that no barrier exists between the works and the harbour.

I was there a fortnight ago.

An Arab, Mohamed Hadr, provided the most thrilling dope hunt of this year. He had long been suspected of dope smuggling. A policeman challenged him at the Kantara Bridge across the Canal.

Mohamed leaped into the Canal and struck out strongly for the

opposite shore. A policeman shouted that unless he came back he would fire, but Mohamed ploughed through the water like a torpedo.

The policeman raised his carbine and fired at the bobbing head. At the flash the Arab dived. Other police raced to the spot, but Mohamed came up ten feet further on.

Cheering mob

Four rifles were levelled. A ragged volley rang out. Again Mohamed dived like a duck.

By now sailors, Arabs, shopkeepers, boys, camel men and all the riff-raff of the waterside had gathered in a cheering, shouting mob.

Ninety per cent. of the crowd were on the swimmer's side. A small boy threw a stone at him as he came up for the second time.

The boy was promptly kicked into the Canal by an outraged Bedouin. Police raced across the bridge to the opposite bank of the Canal.

Rifles at the ready, they waited. Mohamed came up again, swimming strongly in the centre of the Canal, swept along on the strong current.

Guns barked from both banks. It seemed impossible that he could escape being hit. But he did.

Again and again he dived, missing death by inches, not once but a dozen times. He kept up this game of water polo with life and death for just over an hour. Then, exhausted, he swam to the bank, crawled out like a bedraggled rat and was promptly collared.

Strapped to his back was a 14-lb. waterproof tin packed with hashish.

Listen to another story told me in the long bar of Shepherd's Hotel one night by my friend David Goldstein, a North London Jew, who edits the best and brightest British paper in Egypt, *The Egyptian Mail*.

"The biggest dope fight I was ever in," Goldstein said to me, "was about three years ago.

"It was the round-up of the notorious Alexandria gang.

"A pal in the police tipped me off that the raid was going to take place. The gang lived in an old stone house in a cut-throat quarter of Alexandria.

"I should say that the building was at least a hundred years old. The walls were three feet thick, and it lay at the bottom of a street off which you turned down a regular

rat-run of alleyways with stone stairways.

"At the bottom of one of these stairways was a thick wooden door, with a grille in it. Not more than two men abreast could approach it at once.

"We knew that the gang not only had large stocks of dope, but that they had also fitted up opium and hashish dens, hollowed out in the solid stonework.

"The moment we appeared on the stone stairway a rifle-barrel was poked through the grille and a shot fired point-blank at us.

"We dodged back as the bullet thudded into the wall above us. Shots from police carbines and revolvers struck splinters through the door. For nearly two hours a running fight, worse than Sidney Street—and I saw that—went on.

Handcuffs click

"Finally some police got on the roof and dropped a smoke-bomb down the chimney.

"This was too much for the gang inside. The door opened and there was a rush of half-naked, frenzied men, firing as they ran.

"But the police charged, too, clubbing them with their rifle-butts and long wooden batons.

"Then handcuffs clicked. We entered the house.

"In little chambers, dark, dirty and indescribably foul-smelling, we found the addicts, semi-unconscious wretches, their teeth bared, their eyes glazed, every semblance of humanity driven out of them by drugs."

One of the most remarkable medical institutions in the world is the Cairo Anti-Rabies Institute.

I met there a woman who is a saint—Madame de Vichenet, a Belgian. She has given the whole of her life to the cure of one of the most frightful diseases in the world—the madness resulting from the bite of a mad dog.

For some time the doctor in charge had noticed a curious frequency of dog-bite cases from a village in Lower Egypt.

Usually the dog is killed and sent up for analysis. But no dog was killed, and there was no record of any dog having bitten any one of the patients.

So the doctor put a miserable, half-naked labourer, who showed all the signs of drug addiction, through a gruelling cross-examination.

The patient blurted out the truth.

"I and the rest of us who have come for treatment for rabies have never been bitten by a dog," he said. "We are all dope addicts. We are ruined men, and there is no one to help us or cure us.

"Some months ago, one of our villagers named Mohamed, who was a hopeless drug addict, was bitten by a mad dog.

"He was sent here for treatment for rabies, and came back to our village cured of rabies and also of his desire for drugs.

"When we saw this we marvelled. We said: 'Here is a way of being cured of our craving for heroin.'

"We went to the village barber, who, as you know, is the Government sanitary agent, and we said: 'Barber, we want to go to the mad dog place in Cairo, as they will cure us of drug addiction.'

"The barber thought for a time, and then said: 'Come back again in a week.'

"A week later we went back. The barber explained that to get to the Cairo Hospital we must seem to have been bitten by a dog so as to get a certificate from the local Public Health doctor.

"He then showed us how he had got the jaws of a dead dog and had fitted the jaws with a steel spring. He explained to us that with this machine he would give us wounds that looked like the bite of a dog.

"At intervals, each of us was bitten by the barber's 'dog,' submitted ourselves to the Public Health doctor and got sent up here, where we are sure we shall be cured of our desire for dope."

Here is a crying example of the manner in which drug addiction takes hold of its victims.

It must not be supposed that Egyptians are the evil influences behind the drug trade.

The drug barons are Turks, Greeks, Syrians, and a few Frenchmen and, in the background, more dangerous, more highly organised than any, the Japanese.

Behind all the polite platitudes which Japan's representatives speak at the League Conferences on the drug trade lies the remarkable fact that, in Russell Pasha's own words:

"The opium and heroin traffic in Manchukuo is an open business concern; it is not considered in any way to be illegal or illicit."

The real danger to the world lies in the hands of what he describes as "a mob of international rascals, living under the protection of the political chaos of the Far East."

Concluding Women with Wings



IT came like a bolt from the blue just when Dorothy and I were looking round for a suitable joy-riding pitch—an invitation to join an air circus known as the Crimson Fleet.

Obviously, since our undertaking was in direct opposition to parental wishes, we could not expect any financial backing from them.

My father made a really sporting gesture. He gave me my first 'plane, rather than have me risk my neck flying an old crate.

After that it was up to us.

Promptly we had the machine painted the appropriate colour and joined the Crimson Fleet at Shoreham.

Now, in many respects an air circus is very much like an old-fashioned counterpart.

The personnel still live in caravans and tents, but the work is harder.

I was in the air from early morning till late at night, and Dorothy worked like a galley slave keeping the machine up to scratch.

We soon lost some of our light-heartedness.

Yet in spite of the hard life, there were many laughs.

One stunt performed by this circus was known as "cracking the egg."

The manager would allow members of the crowd to inspect an egg, place it in the middle of the field, and then announce that a pilot would descend low enough to crack the shell while in flight.

What the crowds didn't know was that the manager shoved his thumb into the side of the egg before putting it down.

Anyhow, one day we had an unbeliever in the crowd who insisted on putting the egg down himself.

For more than an hour one of our pilots tried to perform the feat, without any success.

Then, deciding that the British public

Thrills with the Crimson Fleet

was becoming too knowing, we dropped the item from our programmes.

Of course, we had our parachutist. A parachutist always attracts the girls to a circus.

I have known men who have made brilliant jumps for weeks on end start landing in the tops of trees or the vicar's sweet-pea beds as soon as they fall in love.

I remember one, who swore he had never been in love in his life, suddenly become erratic in his behaviour on reaching Burton-on-Trent.

He used to slip away into dark corners and make strange signs with his arms.

Yes, he was in love. With a post-office telegraphist.

One day she came to see him do a drop. I think, for the purposes of this story, I'll call her Snowdrop.

And up we went. He fell off the wing like a stone.

Looking down, I formed the opinion that he was being strangled to death by the cords.

He was waving his arms in a most unprofessional manner.

I looked again. Yes, the parachute had opened all right. Everything seemed well.

Yet there he was contorting himself like an octopus.

But these strange movements didn't last long.

In the next field was a pond so densely covered with weeds—and slime—that the water was scarcely visible.

I saw what appeared to be a huge muddy waterspout.

He had gone right into it with a splash.

"I think he's wet," said Snowdrop to me later—and I found she wasn't referring to the wetness that came from his dip in the pond.

★ ★ ★

Anyhow, the romance died that night. It was weeks before the poor young man had recovered sufficiently to give us his explanations.

He had been trying to semaphore "Will you marry me?" during his drop—thinking she would be able to read it.

It was at Teignmouth that we had our first experience of an aerial stowaway.

I had gone up with the other cockpit empty, as I thought. I looped the machine twice. And then, to my amazement, I saw—a head!

A schoolboy had contrived to get into the front cockpit while the machine was unattended.

Landing, I dragged him from the machine.

He was feeling thoroughly ill, because I had done a spin as I came down.

Pauline and Dorothy starting up their Spartan 'plane



Then, roughly, I demanded 25s. from him, the cost of a stunt flight.

He had never possessed such wealth in his life, and he was terrified lest he should be handed over to the police.

So we pretended to unbend and let him off the debt.

In gratitude he came up to the aerodrome the next day to help wash the machine.

And now a winter passes. . . .

We are with our second air circus—the British Hospitals Air Pageants. C. W. A. Scott is with us. Col. Fitzmaurice, who flew the Atlantic, and Mrs. Victor Bruce. Some fine talent.

In six months we visited 185 different towns!

We kept log-books during those strenuous days, but the best things were reserved for the private log-books of our memories.

Pauline Gower

famous airwoman, here
ends the thrilling story of
her flying career in part-
nership with her friend,
Dorothy Spicer

I recall the fine show put up by Flight-Lieutenant Pugh when his machine caught fire in the air.

He landed the machine standing on the seat, with flames licking round the rudder-bar. And

pulled his two women passengers to safety just in time.

I remember an old nurse coming for a flight. She had brought candles with her and was going to eat them in the air.

She had heard they would prevent air-sickness!

Also she had wrapped bits of paper round stones which she intended to throw out of the machine.

On the paper was written: "Nurse—greetings from space!"

We had to tell her: "You are only allowed to throw water or fine sand out of an aeroplane."

Anyhow, she was a woman of fine spirit—and well over seventy.

We had tragedies, too.

One day we were due at Bakewell, in Derbyshire. It was so foggy that only one machine got through.

Dorothy and I got to a private aerodrome near Leicester, and for days had no idea where the other pilots were or what had happened to them.

We were having lunch at an hotel in Leicester when we heard that poor Watson had flown into a hill at Grantham, and, terribly burned, had died in hospital.

Then there was young Evans, fine parachutist. So well could he judge his descents that he would often land between two machines parked together on the ground.

He had jumped at a thousand feet at Harrogate. His 'chute had opened all right.

Everything was normal. To accelerate his drop and so mini-

mize drift he started to "spill" air out of his parachute.

His usual procedure was to let it billow out again on approaching the earth and land lightly.

But something went wrong. The parachute seemed to close up completely.

As we watched, frozen with horror, he came down without anything to check his fall. He was killed instantaneously—and the shocked crowds went home. . . .

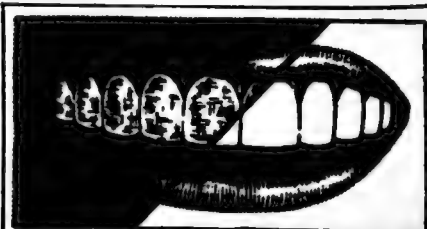
Then season's end—the day when we flew the Spartan to Croydon and left it there for the winter.

Before parting, Dorothy and I solemnly shook hands and silently thanked Providence for getting us through six months of air circus work without one serious mishap.

Since then we have been with other air circuses, and I could multiply the adventures I have described.

The public will be wanting new thrills soon.

Perhaps a pilot will have to be "looped" by the only flying chimpanzee, or dangle from a trapeze at 10,000 feet.



Less than 1/1000th
of an inch separates
Good Teeth
from **Bad!**

If you value your teeth remember this—less than a hair's-breadth of enamel protects them from decay at the gum line! If you use a gritty tooth-paste you are actually helping to wear this enamel away—so make sure your tooth-paste is safe. The test is simple. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there is the slightest sign of grittiness change at once to the paste which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day, or send the coupon for a free sample tube. You'll find no grit in Odol—it's as fine and smooth as dairy cream!

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol

Free Sample. Post in unclosed envelope (No stamp) to (Manager Ltd. (Dept. J.B.6) Norwich, for free tube of Odol. This applies to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland only. BLOCK CAPITALS please

Name
Address



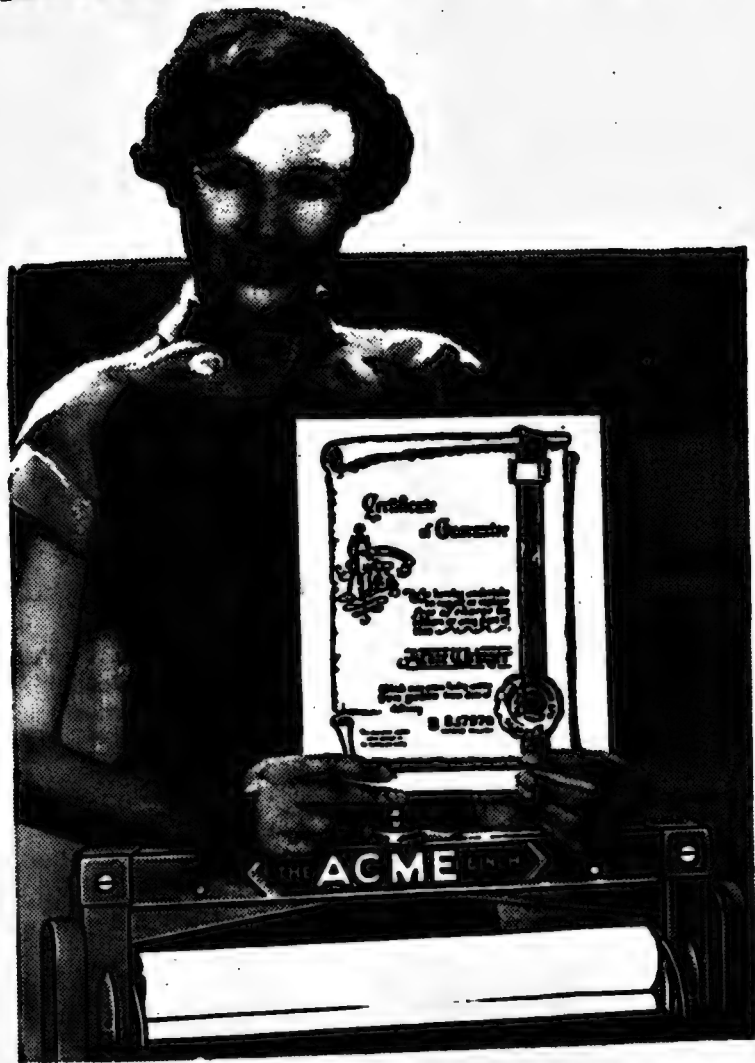
**Never have
a shiny nose
again!**

How lovely you'd be if your skin was always 'matr' and never 'shiny.' Make it so with Snowfire Powder-Cream! Dance, walk, get hot—this clever combination of fragrant powder and cream keeps you fresh-looking all the time and it cannot clog the pores! Choose it in Naturelle, Peach, Rochelle, Deep Rochelle or Ivory to suit your own skin colouring.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire
POWDER-CREAM

"I ALWAYS WANT TO
KNOW WHAT 'GUARANTEED'
MEANS—DON'T YOU?"



"I mean it's no use having a ten year guarantee if next year the firm that made your wringer has gone out of business. Now with my ACME I happen to know that they've been making wringers for 50 years or more. No wonder they're specially generous with their guarantee—they're so rarely called on to do anything about it! That's what comes of using British Steel and rustproof finishes. How our mothers ever got through wringing and mangling without rust-marking all the clothes and breaking their backs beats me . . . Rubber rollers? But of course—that's only one of ACME'S big secrets. The best way to find out is to come and look at it for yourself . . ."

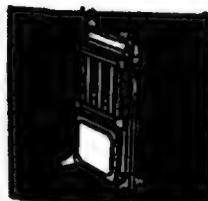
ACME

**PORTABLE
WRINGER - MANGLE**

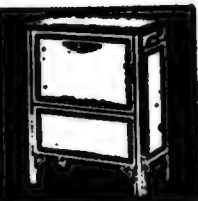
16 inch 43/-

14 inch 39/-

of all the best ironmongers, hardware and furnishing stores.
Covered by a generous 10 years free replacement guarantee.



IF YOU HAVE MORE ROOM
choose either the ACME 'Folding'
model at 69/6 or the ACME 'Cabinet'
model at 84/-. For illustrated booklet
2C describing all three ACME models
in detail, write to ACME Wringers
Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, U.S.E.



4 in the 'Regulo' triangle—
and I can bake cakes like
Mother's



The 'REGULO' is fitted on
RADIATION Cookers only. See
the number in the triangle—the
distinctive sign of the 'Regulo.'

"When I heard Mother tell Mrs. 'Next-Door' how simple is precision cooking, I thought I'd try it myself.

"So, one day when Mother was out, I baked a cake, which we had for tea: and Father said, in that deep pompous voice of his, 'This is a lovely cake, m'dear!'

"Mother helped herself to a piece and said, 'um, yes, but I don't remember baking it.' Father said, 'Well, well, fancy forgetting a thing like that! But it doesn't matter, m'dear, it's easily the best you've made!'

"Of course, I didn't say a word; and I had to kick young Winnie to stop her from giggling."

In addition to giving you the best of cakes and pastries, precision cooking is the only logical way to conserve all the natural juices of meats, vegetables and fruits so necessary for the building-up of a healthy nation. And the key to precision cooking is the number in the little triangle on the 'Regulo.'

NEW WORLD

Regulo-Controlled Porcelain Enamelled

GAS COOKERS

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

It is NOW your turn to change over to PRECISION COOKING
May we send you full particulars of Precision Cooking and Recipe Book—free and post free?
If so, fill in and post this Coupon.

NAME

ADDRESS

To Radiation Ltd. (Dept. S24/8) 164 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

COULD YOU FIND A BETTER WAY OF SPENDING

£3 A WEEK?



"I'm determined to give my children every advantage," says Mrs. Salmon, of Chingford

THAT'S WHY SHE GIVES THEM ROWNTREE'S COCOA — IT AIDS DIGESTION

"MY BUDGET shows you how I spend my family income," says Mrs. Salmon, of Chingford.

"It's not a large income — but I'm determined to give my children every advantage I can. Of course I'm specially careful about their food. I want them to get real nourishment."

"For one thing, I always give my family Rowntree's Cocoa with their meals. I've found that it helps the children to digest their food, so that their meals do them more good. My two eldest have a long walk to school, but with Rowntree's Cocoa to build them up it's never tiring. Just see how well they look — I think that's partly due to Rowntree's Cocoa."

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it actually helps children to digest all their other food as well and get more body-building nourishment.

Meals with Rowntree's give children extra supplies of energy, and build up their bones, muscles and tissues more quickly. So make sure you get Rowntree's Cocoa.



"...Margery Dawn," Albert (5), Joan (6), and Leonard (3) on a tea-party. Fine, sturdy children — thanks to Rowntree's, says their mother.

FREE! DART BOARD AND 3 DARTS

THIS and hundreds of other valuable free gifts in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) Dept. CMA, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet containing Free Voucher value three coupons.

Sacrifice is the lot of every mother
in the clash of—

AGE versus YOUTH

PEOPLE who belong to two generations can't always see eye to eye.

A man of twenty-nine, married, and with two young children, tells me that he has his own business, which brings him in £3 10s. a week.

There is little likelihood of his income either increasing or diminishing, and his letter continues:—

During the last few months I have felt a great desire for a change of work and surroundings.

I have a brother who has lived in Australia for the last twelve years, and who, too, has his own business.

He has repeatedly offered me a job with him if I would go there. The proceeds from the sale of my business would pay our fares and necessary extras, and as my wife and I would like to accept this offer, everything seems plain sailing, but for one thing.

Mother has lived with us since father died eighteen months ago, and she has no other relations.

My brother is anxious that she should go with us and has offered to pay her fare, but she is strongly against "starting another life."

But I have also to consider my future and that of my wife and children.

Here is the old story of youth and age. Youth is adventuresome, but age has grown tired with "life's incessant battle."

This mother has spent her life here, brought up her family, buried her husband.

All her memories are of this land.

It is not easy for her to break away and start afresh.

But would going to Australia mean a new life for her? To a certain extent, yes.

But think of the compensations. She would have the satisfaction of knowing that she was complying with the wishes of her son and his wife.

Then, she would be with her other son again—the son who is so eager to see her that he offers to pay her fare.

A GAIN, the people of Australia are our own kith and kin. I feel sure this mother would soon make new friends.

My correspondent should point out these things to her. He should also ask

Race with "Silver Ring"

Epsom Double

THE "Great Met." and City and Suburban form the next big double. The long-distance event has very often been won by the same horse in successive years, and I note that the Irish have accepted with Corodin, which ran away with the race twelve months ago.

Sometimes it has been captured by the most unlikely horse in the field, but they are a useful batch this year. At the moment I suggest that Corodin be coupled with Hot Water, who is fit from hurdling.

Class often tells in the City and Suburban, and in spite of the fact that Gora II has 9 st. 7 lb. to carry, I shall expect the French-bred to go close. He ran well in the Derby for a mile.

Another I like is Santayana, who also has class on his side.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, April 7, to Wednesday, April 13.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 98 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q 99 S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the Sporting Life and Daily Herald, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLSEBMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTX297M would read SNOOZE

Human Documents by Philip Inman

his brother to write and tell her of the advantages of living in Australia.

I hope that will clear away any doubts she may have.

If not, then this young man would be justified in accepting his brother's offer. He has no doubt weighed up the position carefully and he believes that to do so would be beneficial to them all.

His mother must resign herself to staying with the friends she has here.

"I love my mother dearly," says my next correspondent. But here, again, there is a clash of duties.

This girl writes:—

I am seventeen, and two years ago I left my home to take up my present job.

I have fallen in love with a young man who has interests similar to my own, and I have written to tell my mother about him.

She does not like the idea of me getting married, and says that if I do I am not to go near her again.

This decision is very hard, for I love my mother dearly. It seems that I have come to a cross-roads and that I must either part company with my young man or lose my mother.

I don't see why this girl should lose either her boy friend or her mother.

The mother objects to marriage—presumably on the grounds of age. And she is right.

Seventeen is too young to reach a decision on such a vital matter. My correspondent should wait until she is older.

But that does not mean she need end her romance. The intervening years would give her time to make sure she knows her own mind; would also enable her mother to satisfy herself that the marriage would be a happy one.

Then I am sure her objections would be withdrawn.

"HAVE you a mother?" I heard the doctor ask a girl in the hospital the other day.

"No," she said quietly, and it was plain what that loss meant to her. Many write to me for comfort in their sorrow. One woman says:

I lost mother just a year ago and I still feel it very keenly.

If it had not been for my husband and three children I think I should have followed her through my grief.

She had always lived with me, and I feel my sorrow is partly due to regret.

She had been complaining for a long time and I was sometimes a little impatient with her, not realising the extent of her illness.

It is too late now, but I wish more could have been done for her comfort. If



Youth is adventuresome, but
age has grown tired with
"life's incessant battle"

only I could believe that I should see her again one day I should be content.

What comfort can I give this woman?

First, I am going to advise her to read a book. It is entitled, "The Gospel of the Hereafter," by Dr. Paterson Smyth.

That, I believe, will convince her that one day she will see her mother again.

Then I want this woman to remember her husband and her children. They need her love, her care and her companionship.

She cannot do her duty by them—or by herself—so long as she remains haunted by the past.

If her mother could speak to her I am sure she would say: "I'm all right. Don't worry about me. Look after yourself and the others."

FINALLY, a word about that feeling of regret.

Many people, when they lose loved ones, are inclined to cross-examine themselves. It can do no good to them or to anyone else.

I hope this good woman will not brood upon that side of the picture.

Let her instead remember the happy days that she gave her mother; the pleasure and the comfort it must have been to her mother to be able to live with her daughter; the joy that her grandchildren must have brought to her.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

DO THEY STRIKE
WHEN THE MEAT
IS COLD?



Of course the family won't go on strike if you give them Pan Yan tea. Pan Yan's the spicy appetizer that makes them clamour for more cold meat. And Pan Yan keeps them happy, because it's specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs. Good temper starts in the stomach—keep it going with Pan Yan.

Can you believe they're
the same kind of sauce?

Her sauces were
always thin and
lumpy...

THEN...

SHE GOT "A LESSON
IN SOUP AND SAUCE
MAKING" and found
out where she was
making mistakes



A good sauce is such a tremendous improvement to a meal that it's worth while going to a little trouble to get your sauces perfect. And here's the booklet that will help you do so—"A Lesson in Soup and Sauce Making" by Susan Croft. It tells you everything you need know about the rare art of making really successful sauces—for it is a rare art!

"A Lesson in Soup and Sauce Making" is chock-full of useful tips and valuable information. And it's a very practical booklet, because at the end of it there's a list of all the things that usually go wrong with a sauce, together with the exact reasons why they happen and the right way to avoid them. So, you see, it deals with your problems in a clear, sensible way.

What a splendid opportunity this is! Fill in the voucher for this helpful **FREE** booklet and post it **TO-DAY**.

To The Stork Company, Dept. S.B.,
Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "A Lesson in
Soup and Sauce Making."

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____

Post voucher in unsealed 4d-stamped envelope

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

STORK MARGARINE

SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D

Gift coupon with every pound

25 172-71-00

1 Meet Master Ernest Miles—one of the famous St. Neots Quads. His eagerness leaves no doubt how much he is at home—with delicious creamy Quaker Oats!



The 'QUADS' at home...
with **QUAKER OATS!**



2 Few kiddies in England are livelier or more sturdy at their age than the Quads. They are two years old now, and here are Ann and Michael playing in their lovely nursery.



3 In this picture Mrs. Miles certainly has her hands full with Ann, Michael, Paul and Ernest! But she is thankful they're healthy. Quaker Oats played a big part in building them up.

4 The Quads all have hearty appetites—the nerve nourishing Vitamin B in Quaker Oats sees to that. For Vitamin B guards against poor appetite; nerviness and constipation too. Watch the Quads tucking in while mother isn't looking!

Mrs. Miles, Mother of the **QUADS**, says:

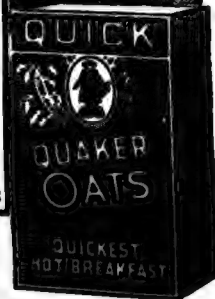
When I look at "the four" now I can hardly believe the frail tiny tots they were when they were born. As soon as they were able to take solid food I was advised to start them on Quaker Oats. I certainly had no difficulty in doing so—they loved it. And it was not long before they were healthy, full-weight and normal in every way.

298

make **QUAKER OATS**

the family breakfast

40 vitalising breakfasts for 8½d



Men who are too Poor to Work

Plans for wiping out Britain's derelict towns and transplanting their populations to new cities where they can find work in new industries are now before the Royal Commission on the Location of Industry. But there is another menace which must be fought, too—the menace of poverty.

I HAVE been touring England and Wales talking to the wives of men who are so poor they can barely afford to work.

In fact, many would be better off on the dole. For, although the cost of living has soared, their wages have not increased with it.

Poverty not unemployment is the real tragedy of Britain's workers to-day.

The lives of these men and women are one long struggle. Wages average about £2 10s. a week, and rents are from ten to fifteen shillings.

So a family—whatever its size—is left with about £1 15s. for food, fuel and clothing.

And the price of coal has risen 95 per cent.; clothing 110 per cent.

One Merthyr housewife told me that after Tuesday she never had a penny in the house.

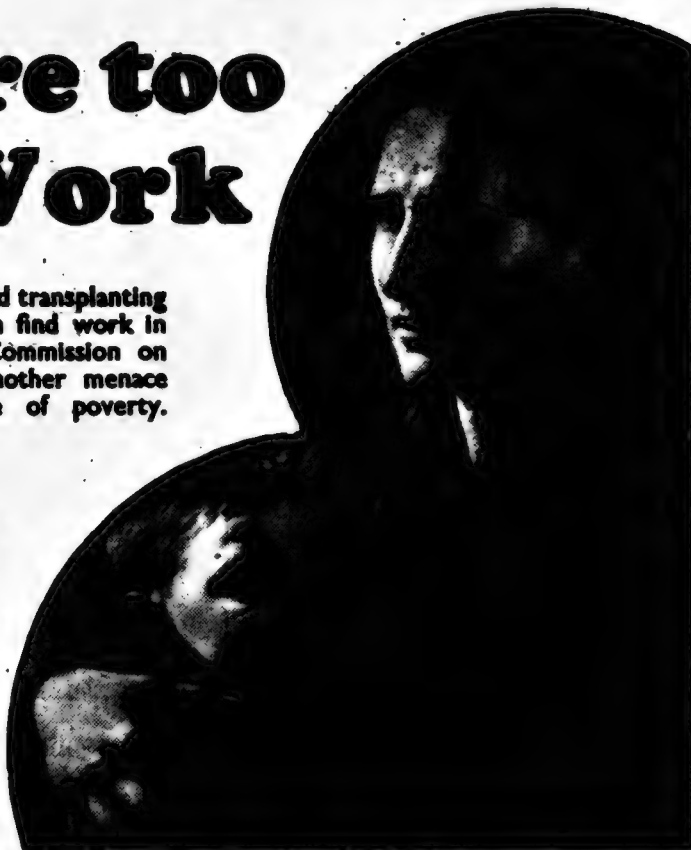
From then until Friday, when her husband was paid, the family had to live on credit.

Food prices appear much the same everywhere, but the prices of other necessities vary in different parts of the country.

In the South, coal is the great bugbear of the women's lives.

"Would you believe it?" a mother of six young children said to me at Hastings.

"Two and tenpence to pay for a bag



By Barbara Ayrton Gould, J.P.

Vice-Chairman of the Labour Party

of coal, and it doesn't go far with eight to cook and clean for!"

In the North, coal was a shilling a bag cheaper—dear enough when there is a family to keep.

Miners, even if they are unemployed, can get it even cheaper than that.

But too often what a miner gains on cheap coal he loses on fares to and from the pit.

A Boldon Colliery wife put the case: "If there's nowt but carriage to pay for coal, what good is it when there's 7s. 3d. to find every week for fares out of 53s.?"

★ ★ ★

South Wales wives complain at the price of footwear, and the poor quality they are forced to buy as a result.

They told me how they had kept their children from school in bad weather because they could not send them out in worn canvas shoes.

"Never a week goes by but a pair of shoes have to be cobbled, and that means we have to do without something we can't spare," said a mother in Cwmaman.

Many of the women ended their sad little stories of struggle and makeshift

with, "And, of course, we never get to the pictures now!"

One Manchester wife broke down when she got to this point.

Some people would think "not going to the pictures" a very small sacrifice to make.

But it can be a very great sacrifice indeed when it represents the only escape from grim reality.

Mrs. H., of Manchester, told me a story which is true of almost all her sisters in despair.

"You see," she said, "when my husband brings home his money on Friday I have to lay it all out at once—12s. 6d. rent, 3s. 10d. coal..."

And she went through her budget item by item till every penny was accounted for.

"That's how we manage," she said.

"And what do you do about Wednesday and Thursday?" I asked her doubtfully.

"Well, sometimes there's a bit of something over, or sometimes we get a bit of credit down the street."

"But when we do, it's next Sunday's dinner gone."

Mr. H., incidentally, was working full-time for 50s. a week, out of which 3s. 8d. went in fares.

Life for his wife was one long struggle from morning to night to make both

"Greatest of These"

CURLY is ten and a half, the eldest of five children.

His father served in France and Salonica, where he contracted dysentery and malaria. He was also gassed, buried alive and shell-shocked.

Yet he has no pension.

Curly's little brother, aged four, has had a very serious illness, thought to be a cerebro-spinal fever; a sister, aged six, has had convulsions.

And Curly and a sister aged eight have also been under the doctor.

Had it not been for so much sickness in the family, Curly's father could have managed to scrape along.

As it is, he is in trouble for arrears of rent and expenses entailed through illness.

He does not know where to turn for £5 to clear these debts.

Because Curly's father is suffering on account of his services in the war, we believe readers will come to his rescue, and send what they can, earmarked "Curly."

These and donations for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers'



Curly

"I have a lot of fine soup on to-day, and last night the children enjoyed a fine plate of porridge."

★ ★ ★

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

To show our readers what good work our General Fund carries on, when it has the means, we quote this letter from a mother in the North:

"I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for me. If you only knew how happy I was made yesterday by your help."

"I had no coals in the house, but it was not long before I got a fire, thanks to JOHN BULL."

MODERN MOTHERS



SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

SPENCER MATERNITY BELT

Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength during the crucial maternity period by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea and to give complete comfort and support.

The Spencer Maternity Bandeau gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity. Spencer supports are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Bamber, Ormskirk, Lancs., for Maternity Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiers.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports

"We create a design especially for you."

Branch Offices and Salons:
LONDON: 4 & 5, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel.: Regent 6206
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I make old rooms NEW overnight!



I am a really washable wall decoration in lovely colours (see Free colour scheme offer at foot)—easy to apply, and making your rooms so pretty that everyone admires them.

You needn't bother to strip old paper—I will go over it if it's tight. Just thin with cold water, apply two coats and your rooms will look like new overnight for a few shillings. The 1/- tin does a small room or big cupboard—the 3/9 tin gives a 12' x 9' room two coats.

I resist mildew and keep stains under. I won't rub off and you can wash me as much as you like because I'm oil bound. Decorators use me—Dealers sell me.

"Minor" 1/-, 4-lb tin 3/3, 7-lb tin 3/9
These prices do not apply in Eire

Oil-bound Washable
MAISONNE
WATER PAINT
FOR WALLS

FREE! A beautiful and costly book, fully illustrated in colour and written by Mrs. Dorey Brindley, the famous expert on interior decoration, advising you how to choose colour schemes for your rooms. Post free on application to Lewis Berger & Sons Ltd. (Dept. J.7), Homerton, London, E.9.

NO COMPLAINTS WITH BERGER PAINTS

**"By Hercules!
I cycle to work
to keep fit
for play"**

AND BY HERCULES!
ALL HIS WEEK-ENDS
ARE BOOKED UP
NOW.

I'LL BET THEY ARE—
ALL THE NICE GIRLS
LOVE A HERCULES



44 new models to choose from—
Gents', Ladies', Boys' and Girls'—
with frame sizes to suit everyone.
Roadsters from £4. 7s. 6d. cash
Safety models from £4. 10s. 6d. cash
Sports models from £4. 15s. 0d. cash
You can be sure that every model
made by the World's Largest
Cycle Manufacturers gives a
superior specification, superior
finish and easier running at a
lower price than others!
(Prices do not apply in Eire)
Easy terms from about 2/- weekly
from any dealer.
See the local dealer for full
particulars.

**By Hercules!
I will buy Hercules**

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM
—the Largest Cycle Manufacturers in the World—



**Get these better
shoes for Easter-**



IMPREGNABLE No. 4002
BOX CALF OXFORD
Goodyear Welted
Also in tan — No. 4001

Impregnable

14/9

GOOD shoes are much more
economical in the long run.
And well-made shoes not only last
much longer, they look better all the
time, and give day-by-day comfort.
John White is the largest maker of

men's footwear in the Kingdom.
That is why these 'Impregnable'
shoes are the best value obtainable. It
will pay you handsomely to insist on
'Impregnable'. If in doubt where to
obtain them, please post the coupon.

Impregnable
GUARANTEED FOOTWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS

Your local shopkeeper sells them



No. 151
BOX CALF OXFORD
Also in tan — No. 152 **14/9**



No. 631
BOX OXFORD
Also in tan — No. 632 **12/9**

Made by
JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Boots) Ltd.,
Higham Ferrers, Northants.

**1d.—POST THIS COUPON FOR
ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE**

To John White (Impregnable Boots) Ltd., Higham Ferrers,
Northants.

Dear Sirs,
Please send me illustrated list of your better value
'Impregnable' Footwear and address of my nearest stockist.

Name

Address

J.B. 9/4

THE LARGEST MEN'S SHOEMAKERS IN GREAT BRITAIN

**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE**

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of
bed in the morning full of vim and vigour
The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile
into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing
freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the
bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get con-
stipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you
feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.
Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement
doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old
Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two
pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up
and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making
bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver
Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 2/-

Send for these special
2 FREE RECIPE BOOKS

(1) Precision Cooking.
(2) A Lesson in Soup and Sauce Making.
No kitchen should be without these in-
valuable booklets, which are offered free
to "John Bull" readers.
"Precision Cooking" is the title of one
booklet, which gives many helpful suggestions
about meals which cook themselves! All you
need do to secure your copy is to fill in the
Coupon in the "Education" announcement
on page 21.
"A Lesson in Soup and Sauce Making" is the
title of another booklet, and this is chock-full
of useful tips and information. It deals with
everyday problems in a clear and practical
way. Fill in the coupon in the "Book"
announcement on page 25 and a copy will be
sent to you free by return.

ASHAMED

to be seen
because of
**SKIN
DISEASE**

Why go about disfigured
with eczema, impetigo,
rashes, dermatitis or pimples on the face,
hands or arms. In D.D.D. Brand Prescrip-
tion you have a remedy that will conquer
the most serious case of skin trouble quickly
and permanently. Read the report given
here:

A grateful patient from Beccles writes:
"I had eczema for upwards of 25 years.
Since using D.D.D. Prescription I have had
no further trouble. I would advise all
sufferers from skin disease to give D.D.D.
Prescription a fair trial."
D.D.D. Prescription penetrates right into
the skin and ends the cause of your trouble.
No finer remedy for eczema, dermatitis,
psoriasis, ulcers, spots, boils or dandruff.
Get a bottle of D.D.D. Prescription for
instant relief. Price 1/3 a bottle from
Chemists everywhere.

FREE TRIAL OFFER.
A sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will
be sent free on receipt of postcard (1d. stamp).
Write to-day to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept.
M.N.S.), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

DDD PRESCRIPTION

IS CONSTANT CATARRH

Killing YOUR
Appetite?

Catarrh ruins appetite and digestion, spoils your palate and leaves you "below par." Cold after cold... this is the lot of many unfortunate people every winter... lowering vitality, sowing the seeds of future illness... spreading infection. Why not end this by using POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES? They will keep you clear of infection when it is about—flu, colds, coughs, bronchitis, etc. If, unluckily, you have caught cold or have catarrh, take a pastille or two right away and you will soon be "all-clear." Thousands keep free every winter through these splendid pleasant pastilles—why not you? Invaluable to those who have to travel in crowded buses, tubes, trains, trams, etc.



Buy a handy sized tin today at any Chemist, Store or Herbalist 1/3 or 1/4d. post free direct from:—
POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.
115, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4
(Manufacturers of Potter's Catarrh Cure)

POTTER'S
CATARRH
PASTILLESNew Method
Works Wonders

in cases of

HEMORRHOIDS

(Piles)

Piles are a form of varicose veins, particularly liable to damage and irritation, and frequently a source of intense pain and mental misery. Germoloid Suppositories stop pain almost instantly, and as they gradually melt they spread a lasting protective film over exposed nerves and veins, whilst releasing anti-septic principles to carry on their healing work all through the hours of sleep. They restrain bleeding, provide lubrication against "dragging down" and acid irritation, and prevent loss of fluid by absorption. Thus, they help to overcome constipation, the chief dread of every sufferer and the frequent cause of renewed attacks.

Germoloids are inexpensive, clean, simple and invariably effective. Use one each night until the condition is improved or one per week to avoid recurring attacks.

Germoloids

From All Chemists 1/3 PER BOX of 12
(For External Piles use Germolone brand Ointment in addition).

Human—

In Jerusalem there is a famous wall called "The Walling Wall." Whenever things go wrong, people gather there and weep and wail by the hour together.

Just what good they do is a bit obscure—beyond relieving their emotions. But they go on doing it. It's an old national custom!



You, of course, smile as you read this. You wouldn't do anything so foolish, would you?

Wouldn't you? Well, let's see if we can't take that smug smile off your face.

For what else do you do when you say "It can't be done"?

Wailers at
the Wall

What's the big difference between the people at the Walling Wall and you, when you say that things are terrible, when you sigh for the "good old days," when you are nothing ahead of you but blank disaster?



If there's any difference it's only that you wail and groan in private, while in Jerusalem they groan and wail in public.

—Machine—

And that's not a real difference. It's only a distinction. Maybe you don't feel quite so complacently superior as you did?

"Of all the happiness-killers in the world," said a writer, "the most extraordinary are those who bring their lives to an end, and then go on existing."



"Instead of making the most of every little hour of this short life, they give up living and sit down and listen to their arteries hardening."

Whatever noise you make at the "Wailing Wall," that's all you can hear—your arteries hardening.

Think this over—and stop wailing!

Blackmailer Called
Prince His "Friend"

WILLIAM COOPER HOBBS, "The Sage of Carey Street," moneylender, blackmailer, and most things which were unpleasant, five years' penal servitude.

Edmond O'Connor, "The Writ King," self-confessed defrauding solicitor and defender of criminals, seven years' penal servitude.

With those sentences at the Old Bailey, two of the most notorious men in the whole country pass into the oblivion of the prison cell.

Both were brilliant in their way. Both were crooked.

They could have earned big money legitimately, but it was impossible for either to steer straight.

And so they have gone down to well-deserved punishment.

Hobbs, now seventy-three, was in every sense a repellent personality. He was a bully when he had the chance. Yet, if he were faced, he would cringe and whimper.



Reputed to have locked away a fortune of nearly £250,000 by his unsavoury dealings, he moaned before the judge and begged that his money should not be touched to pay the cost of his prosecution.

Another title given to Hobbs was "Attorney of the Underworld." He revelled in it, because it fed his pride.

"Issue a writ! The other side can be made to pay," was the professional code of Edmond O'Connor, fifty-four-year-old solicitor.

That is why he gained the nickname of "The Writ King."

He specialised in libel actions on behalf of convicted criminals.

For years Hobbs and O'Connor were under observation by Scotland Yard.

The police knew what they were doing behind the scenes of London's underworld, and that it was only a question of time before one or the other would overreach himself.

In the end, the allies came down together.

Hobbs called himself an accountant, although he never had any professional qualification.

Yet he did possess an exceptional brain for figures—figures that always balanced out on his credit side.

Born at Battersea, he started his business life as a messenger boy in an accountant's office.

Then he became an articled clerk with Appleton and Company, solicitors, in the Strand district.

Ordinary, straightforward business was of no use to Hobbs. It did not bring quick enough returns. So he developed many sidelines. He was registered as a moneylender, and from that activity screwed the uttermost farthing.

He was the forerunner of many dubious "legal aid" societies in existence to-day which have copied his methods.

Also, he was the first to employ "accident chasers," to get information from hospitals and put him into touch with people injured in road accidents.

Many claims he contested were gambles. Hobbs was paid only if his clients were successful. Others were spurious and blackmailing. When damages were agreed or awarded, the old rogue took a substantial bill of costs.

Bookmakers, cardsharps and the proprietors of London gambling haunts formed part of his clientèle.

He threatened actions for the recovery of gambling debts against the sons of wealthy parents, knowing their families would pay up rather than face the publicity of a court case.

It was characteristic that Hobbs should boast loudly of his famous friends.

He claimed, for instance, that a gold watch he owned was given him by King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, for "services rendered" in getting a friend of royalty out of a difficulty.

Another story dragged in the name of the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall.

Hobbs declared that the great King's Counsel repeatedly went to him for advice and guidance on cases.

Certainly Hobbs assisted Sir Edward in the trial for murder of Harold Greenwood, the South Wales solicitor, accused of poisoning his wife.

Investigations made by Hobbs in Kidwelly and Llanelly, South Wales, were of material assistance in Greenwood's successful defence.

The late Lord Birkenhead, Baron Rothschild, and ex-King Alfonso were others with whom Hobbs claimed to be on friendly terms.

He used their names in long-winded accounts of his exploits. In the next breath he was talking about notorious crooks he knew.

Karl Lody, the German naval officer, shot in the Tower as a spy soon after the outbreak of the war, was also—according to Hobbs—one of his intimates.

It was in Hobbs' office that the biggest and most spectacular coup of his career was planned—the blackmail of "Mr. A."—Sir Hari Singh, Maharajah of Kashmir, from whom £150,000 was extracted.



Much of that £150,000 went to Hobbs. He changed the cheque, took his share of the spoils and fled to France with his associates in the plot.

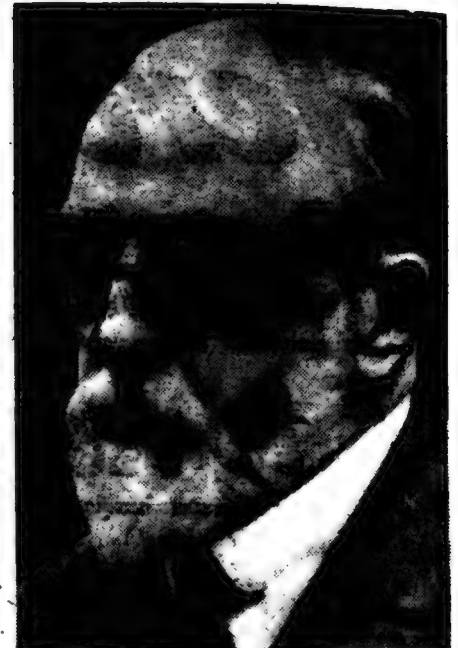
Gambling with them at a Paris hotel, he managed to win a substantial portion of their money.

But later, as a result of the "Mr. A." case, Hobbs stood in the Old Bailey dock, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

After his release, Hobbs brought libel actions against twenty-three newspapers and newspaper groups.

He traced everything written about himself, when sentenced, found what he alleged were libels on his "character," and took proceedings.

In some of those actions Edmond O'Connor acted as solicitor for Hobbs.



William Cooper Hobbs, moneylender and blackmailer

And so a profitable partnership was cemented.

Before it ended in O'Connor's financial disaster, Hobbs passed other work on to him.

O'Connor came into police-court limelight as the solicitor defending Browne for the murder of P.C. Gutteridge.

Undoubtedly he was an able solicitor. He could have been a leading figure in the profession if he had been content to keep its code of honour.

He gambled heavily, and at times was wildly intemperate, disappearing from home and office for long periods.

No one knew where he had been or what company he was keeping during those spells of drinking.

Before the end, O'Connor was dipping into his clients' money. When inevitable detection faced him, and his business was on the verge of collapse, he absconded.

London will be cleaner by the imprisonment of these two scoundrels.



"What a lovely room! How ever do you keep it looking so bright and cheerful? Tell me your secret."

"Well Jean, it's just two words—Min Cream. It really is wonderful for French polish furniture and for cleaning white enamel paint. You should try it. I know you'll find it a real help."

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The wine of LIFE!
3/3 THE HAMMAGE
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DANDRUFF — can be so 'irritating' especially when one is anxious to appear well-groomed

Those troublesome specks of white that lodge upon the collar and shoulders of the coat or dress, and the accompanying itching, are nature's warning that all is not well with your scalp.

Dandruff can be removed and recurrence of the trouble prevented by the simple process of shampooing the hair regularly with EVAN WILLIAMS 'DANDRUFF REMOVER.' Its rich pure soap lather cleanses thoroughly, sterilizes the whole scalp, allaying irritation and producing a healthy condition incompatible with Dandruff, Scurf and similar scalp disorders.



EVAN WILLIAMS

DANDRUFF REMOVER

Of Hairdressers Shampoo and Chemists

Mother! Here's the Friend you often need

Whatever
should I do
without
CUTICURA!

The way children knock themselves about, you're simply lost without a reliable antiseptic healer in the house. Keep a tin of Cuticura Ointment by you and you are ready for accidents. For quick, clean healing, for drawing out soreness and inflammation, there's nothing like Cuticura Ointment. Apply it to cuts, grazes, scratches and pimples and you need never fear gathering or septic poisoning. Because no germ can live where Cuticura is used. To prevent blistering and to cool the fiery pain of scalds and burns Cuticura is unsurpassed. As a remedy for Eczema and other serious skin troubles the healing power of Cuticura is positively magical. It arrests the tormenting itch the moment it touches the skin. Chronic eruptions, that have resisted treatment for years, quickly fade and vanish before the amazing action of this unfailing healer. Often a single tin is enough to clear up a bad case.

Sufferers from Eczema and other skin eruptions should use only Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It has soothing, emollient properties.

Cuticura

BRAND
OINTMENT

HASTENS HEALING & GROWTH OF NEW SKIN

Confessions of a Catspaw

HUNDREDS of thousands of letters containing attractive illustrated literature, with brokers' order forms, business reply envelopes, accompanied by quietly optimistic promises of generous dividends, had done their work.

Bland promises of "money back at six months' notice if not satisfied" had won over many victims.

Waverers who had "enquired" received a visit from a gentleman, usually speaking with an American accent and describing himself as Major This or Captain That—and usually they fell for his persuasive tongue.

Thus one mushroom racket netted its first £100,000.

£50,000 of this was the rake-off taken by the enterprising foreigners who had stepped in to finance a form of British agriculture in which clean finance had hitherto feared or failed to tread.

Of course, I knew nothing about all this then. I had struck a bad patch, and had failed to pay my debts—the unpardonable sin.

★ ★ ★

I was just the man the aliens required. Well educated, of good address, a staid, over-forty appearance, and a "good mixer."

There were country houses to visit. In the quiet homes of old England the trans-Atlantic touch might not be successful.

But a dignified approach from a well-dressed man with a knowledge of affairs might succeed. The old school tie might be flaunted on occasions.

All the foreigners wanted was more money. The profit and loss account of a new departure in British agriculture meant nothing to them. Every hundred

M.P.s have been roused by "John Bull's" disclosures last week of frauds by supposed mushroom-growing companies.

Questions will be fired at the President of the Board of Trade until the racket is crushed.

Now read this inside story told by a down-on-his-luck University man who unwittingly became a catspaw for a ring of rogues.

By Gilbert Skene

pounds picked up meant fifty pounds in their coffers.

Is it any wonder that scheme after scheme was produced and promise after promise made to attract investors?

These alien gentlemen convinced me. Mushrooms were the greatest and most profitable business which had ever happened in this most wonderful world.

Mushrooms costing a few pence a pound sold at half-a-crown! And the market had not been even scratched! More money was wanted quickly, before other people started in the same line.

Did I want to make some money for myself and other people?

I was given a 20-h.p. car, liberal expenses, a small salary and a commission on all investments obtained through my calls.

After a few trial trips in which the story, as given me, was passed on to "prospects" in my own dignified way, I was pronounced "the goods"—and off I was packed to a country house.

Its owner had invested a little money in "mushrooms" just for fun, had recently received a dividend somewhere in the region of 30 per cent., and was duly impressed.

This enormous dividend was not quite so considerable as it sounded.

Interest was guaranteed at the rate of 10 per cent. a year, payable three times a year (after each crop!).

As nobody's money had been in the concern more than a month or two, a dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum was not difficult to pay out of the substantial sums subscribed.

My host was about to invest some money, and had considered buying some more units in the mushroom farms. They seemed to be doing well. What did I think?

★ ★ ★

Well, it was a pity, I told him, but we had been fully-subscribed for our two original farms and a great many people were regretting they had not made a more generous investment.

My directors were sorry, but . . . At the same time I should mention that my directors were contemplating another farm in Scotland.

Our produce, I had to explain, was eagerly bought in Covent Garden, and our present farms, enormous as they

were, could not cater for Scotland and the northern counties of England.

Original investors were anxious to subscribe, and were being allowed to do so, but only in proportion to the units they had bought in the original successful venture.

My directors believed in extending privileges only to those who had supported them in the past. That was only fair.

It was true, I went on as directed, some could not afford the privilege, others had died, and presumably the units to which they were entitled were available.

Could I obtain some of those? I was asked.

Of course, I would try.

An application for £1,000 was handed to me.

Then a letter was sent from our offices stating the units would be earmarked "as they became available," and requesting a cheque.

This came at once, together with a further application and cheque for £500 "if it could be arranged."

★ ★ ★

My share of that deal was £37 10s., and with my salary, expenses and high-powered car, I had done a good day's work—and liked my job.

I called on nearly 200 homes with a yarn in which I believed.

I interviewed titled people, parsons, gentlemen farmers, county folk, retired generals and admirals.

My alien employers diddled me with their "marvellous" stories, which I passed on and unconsciously diddled others.

In five months I travelled nearly 20,000 miles. Of course, others were on the job, but I never knew them—we were never allowed to meet.

Between us we picked up a further £200,000. Of that sum £3,000 was paid to those who brought it in, leaving a modest £27,000 for the foreigners, whose staff-work behind the scenes was so diabolically clever.

And that sum is additional to £200,000 cleaned-up before I came on the scene.



Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, is to be given no rest by M.P.s who are angry about this new imposition

Not a single acre of that Scottish farm has been laid out yet!

The mushroom company is now in liquidation, and a large sum is involved.

And so, because of the lust for money, money and more money—without scruple how or from whom it is obtained—what was recently a thriving young industry has been crippled.

I helped—but I was as deluded as the public whose pockets have been so ruthlessly plundered.

ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER.

Things happen like that, don't they? Everything seems to go wrong. You get out of bed the wrong side. You can't find your shoes. Breakfast's late.

It's pouring and somebody's borrowed your umbrella. Out you go and get soaked. You come back in the evening snuffling. You've caught cold. Then it's a case of one cold after another, more often than not.

But if only you'd go about it in the right way you could nip that cold in the bud the very first night—by using Milton.

It's all so simple, too. Just put a quarter teaspoonful of Milton into a tumbler of tepid or warm water and sniff the mixture up the nostrils.

As a gargle, use a slightly stronger proportion, half teaspoonful to a tumbler. Gargle 3 or 4 times daily, and you'll be surprised how quickly your head clears and your snuffle goes.

Milton dissolves the mucus and phlegm in your mouth and throat, where germs thrive and multiply, leaving them clean, healthy and disease-resisting.

If you're really clever, of course, you'll have a sixpenny bottle of Milton always handy so that you can give your throat a gargle every night before you go to bed.

If you do this regularly, your colds will be a thing of the past. Here's a typical letter from H. M. K., of Tisbury:

"For over 40 years I used to get nasty, sneezy, spluttering colds, about once every two months; they lowered my morale and caused me to be a public nuisance. Just over a year ago, I suddenly began to gargle with Milton night and morning, and I have not had a cold since."

Milton certainly is good stuff—get a bottle to-day!

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them, they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. All chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

SENSIBLE FITNESS

For the middle-aged

To hear some people talk, fitness might be a matter of horizontal bars, dumb-bells, cold baths and country runs for all of us! But leave these things to the youngsters. The basis of *new* fitness should be wholesome food eaten in moderation, reasonable open air exercise and a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning.

Fynnon Salt is the high-road to health in middle-age. It is a combination of those priceless mineral elements found in the waters of world-famous Spa. The elements are Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, often described as "Nature's Salts of the Earth," and their great virtue is that they give your liver the gentle assistance it needs to do its job properly. This is vitally important, since so many of the troubles of the 40's and 50's are due to a faulty liver—Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and Neuritis, for instance, as well as the beguiling of excess fat. It is just impossible to be well or slim with a liver below par.

But with your teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning, life is very different. Your liver is always in fine working order, your bloodstream always pure. Even your friends notice your trim, active figure, clear skin, bubbling good spirits.

Take Fynnon Salt regularly and be fit at any age! Large tin, 1/3.

The Fire in the Hearth

MELLOWED old beams are things of beauty in the construction of a house.

But they are often things of danger, too, as a Devon householder has discovered.

For some strange reason the fire which crackled in the low hearth and shed soft comfort over the room spread suddenly to the fabric of the house.

Firemen had to be summoned. And before they could put out the flames considerable damage had been done to the contents of the room.

★ ★ ★

Then the cause of the outbreak was discovered—a beam which the old craftsmen who built the cottage had incorporated under the hearth.

Workmen were called in to repair the

damage to the building. The householder's ruined goods were carried away.

* * *

Then he thought of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme, wondered whether, by having the evidence removed, he had prejudiced his chances of availing himself of its ever-ready help.

But we knew he had signed the all-important coupon that gives hundreds of thousands of householders security for a flourish of the pen: were satisfied, too, as to the bona fides of his claim.

And so we paid for the damage to his possessions.

You will find that coupon on page 2 of this issue. It needs your signature—that's all. You can't afford to ignore it.

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BRYLCREEM

*your hair,
too!*



IN BOTTLES
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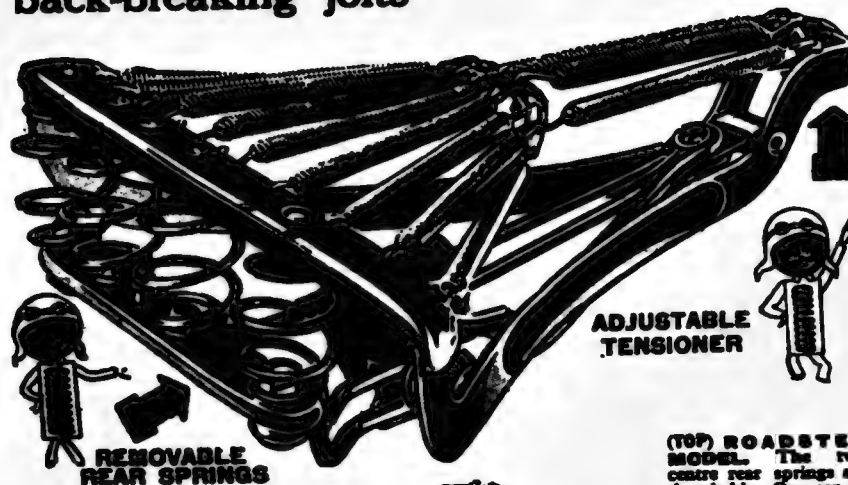
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The Wonderful Tablets
that Drive out PAIN

AMAZING new saddle inventions

no more saddle soreness no more
"breaking-in" discomfort no more
back-breaking jolts



REMOVABLE
REAR SPRINGS

ADJUSTABLE
TENSIONER

(TOP) ROADSTER MODEL. The two centre rear springs are detachable. One can be replaced on a central stud. You can thus have 2, 3, or 4 springs to preference. Also in the nose of both Roadster and Club models is a screw. Twist it and the seat springs relax or grow taut—instantly—to suit you. Price 13/6d.



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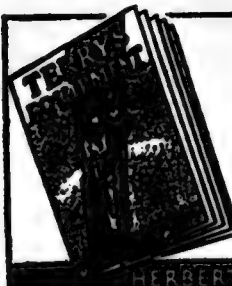
Every rider can select his saddle and, at once, adjust it to his exact needs for any and every run, thus ensuring complete comfort.

(LEFT) CLUB MODEL. On the club model the shock-absorbing hinge takes up road jar and vibration, acts as an extra "cushion," prevents fatigue, breaks in the frame. Price 10/6d.

Terry's New Adjustable Spring Seat Saddles are waterproof, therefore never damp-sodden. On a Terry Saddle you float as you ride after one minute's adjustment. Ask your dealer to show you these brilliant new saddles—specify one on your new cycle or have one fitted to your present mount.

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A Wholesome Family Cake—BRISTOL CAKE

8 oz. flour 1½ teaspoon BORWICK'S
8 oz. sugar 3 tablespoon l. lemon
8 oz. butter 3 tablespoon milk
3 eggs 3 oz. currants

Beat butter to a cream. Add sugar. Beat the eggs, then add eggs and flour alternately to the butter and sugar. Beat well. Mix in currants, lemon rind, milk and baking powder. Pour into a round cake tin greased and lined with greased paper. Bake one hour in moderate oven. Just before cake is done, brush top with white of egg, dredge with caster sugar.

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World.

STOMACH TROUBLES

BANISHED

QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY

Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 2/- at Chemists everywhere.



"My thoughts grew on the crime of that particular robbery."
(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1931)
He also bought a bottle of Dr. White's Glasgow Purgative Mixture, and found it very useful. 1/3 and 2/- per bottle. Sold by A. GALE & CO., LTD., 1, Dundee Street, Glasgow, G1.

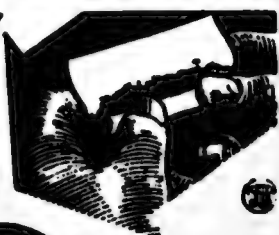
CORNS

3 Agonising Corns come
clean OUT in 3 Days

"For 40 years I suffered agony from 3 corns," writes Mr. Ties of Hildesheim. "I spent a small fortune on remedies and Chiropodists, but they were no good. One Thursday I bought some 'FREEZONOL'. The next Sunday morning all 3 corns came right out."

Try 'Freezone' Corn Remover on your corn. It's painless, absolutely safe, and fetches out even the most obstinate corn in a few days. Only 1/3d. a bottle at all chemists; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**BETTER SMOKES and
MONEY
SAVED**
by rolling
your own
in



AG PAPERS
THEY FIT ALL MACHINES

Jobs with a load of danger

B RITAIN'S most dangerous jobs are in the news again.

Sixteen-year-old boys are being employed to clean windows in London 150 ft. from the ground, says Mr. F. H. Sage, of the Transport and General Workers' Union.

They are not the only newcomers who are depressing wages in this hazardous trade.

In Liverpool alone, it is estimated, six out of every ten window-cleaners are men on "the dole" who, like many poorly-paid workers, have provided themselves with spare-time occupation at the cost of a ladder and pail.

So, in countless cases, professional window-cleaners are having to cut rates to compete with the amateurs.

There is another undesirable complication. Small employers and the spare-time men cannot afford to pay heavy insurance rates, which means that accidents may result in customers being liable for damages.

Listen to the experiences of a window-cleaner during a period of two years:

"The first tumble I had was from a roof top. I was cleaning the outside of a skylight, which gave no chance of using the hook."

"My foot slipped—I got a 40-ft. fall, broken leg, broken arm, concussion, crushed ribs and a thirteen weeks' rest."

"Next time, my ladder slipped. It was a frosty morning, you see, and frost is the thing we fear most."

Should you have any doubts about the risk of the trade, ask the insurance companies.

They quote 200s. (some companies as much as 210s.) per cent. for window-cleaners. In other words, you must pay

a premium of £10 or more on a policy worth £100.

Rates for miners are £7 for steam coal pits, £5 for ordinary pits, still less for anthracite pits, though, naturally, there are slight differences according to districts and other circumstances.

So much for one dangerous job. The second concerns every housewife.

Britain's homes are more dangerous than ever just now, when the flurry of spring-cleaning is at its fiercest.

JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance can bear witness to the amazing toll of home accidents. Actually, a thousand more people die every year while engaged in household duties than on the roads!

Twice as many women are killed by falling from a window or step-ladder when engaged on home jobs than from tram accidents.

Housewives should remember just now that the best spring-cleaning hint is Safety First!

But, of course, all statistics must be seen in perspective.

It would be easy to say that it is more risky to cross the road than work in the pits; but miners also have to cross roads.

You can break a limb as easily by falling over the cat as from a pair of steps when you are hanging pictures.

Besides, if you wanted to avoid danger entirely, you would never get up in the morning, realising that nearly ninety people a year die from falling out of bed.

Still, supposing you wished to choose a safe career for your son, which trades would you prevent him from entering? You would not allow him to become a jockey.

Insurance companies (whose rates are

Special Pools Service (by "Poolex")

W ITH the end of the football season only five weeks away, promotion and relegation problems are becoming of prime importance.

For the pool punter, the question is—how do these end-of-season problems affect results?

As a basis for investigation, I have taken from each of the English Leagues and Division I (Scottish) the teams which were occupying the first four places in the League tables at this time last season.

League leaders first. Between them, these twenty teams won no fewer than 45 of their remaining 56 home matches.

In the First Divisions (English and Scottish) the figures for last season were twenty home wins, one draw and no gam. lost at home.

Altogether, only six home losses were recorded, and, of these, three were sustained by Aston Villa. It may be argued that these twenty teams will have had good records all through the season.

Prior to the last five weeks they had won just under 70 per cent. of their home games. A good record, but quite overshadowed by their final burst.

End-of-season away records of these

teams show a reversed tendency. A decline in the percentage of away games won is recorded.

Ground advantage assumes a greater importance in these "needle matches."

Home and away records together, the promotion candidates draw only 13 per cent. of their matches in the closing five weeks of the season, compared with 24 per cent. in their previous games.

Now for the teams in danger of "going down."

An analysis of end-of-season results is not so productive here.

There is the same increase in the number of home games won, but as the percentage only rises to 46 at best, it is not actually very helpful as a guide to home forecasts.

Both at home and away, there is some improvement, but it is very limited.

Here are my deductions from the facts given.

Top-of-the-leaguers are good home bankers near the close of the season, but should not be included in draw forecasts either at home or away.

Tail-enders are best left alone if possible, but, in any case, it is dangerous to bank on them losing.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday April 9, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

70 Stenhousemuir v. Forfar.
69 Man. Un. v. Norwich.
64 Mansfield v. Notts C.
67 Tottenham v. Bradford.
63 Celtic v. Motherwell.
62 Coventry v. Blackburn.
36 Preston v. Derby.
34 Barnsley v. Chesterfield.
34 Ayr v. St. Johnstone.
33 Cardiff v. Aldershot.

32 Portsmouth v. Wolves.
29 Bradford C. v. Lincoln.
28 Grimsby v. Manchester C.
28 Stoke v. Everton.
25 W.B.A. v. Brentford.
24 Crewe v. Carlisle.
24 Charlton v. Sunderland.
17 Rangers v. Clyde.
16 Dunfermline v. E. Fife.
15 Q.P.R. v. Gillingham.

11 Bury v. Southampton.
10 Notts P. v. Sheffield W.
9 Hamilton v. Queen of S.
9 Albion v. King's P.
7 Rochdale v. Gateshead.
6 Doncaster v. N. Brighton.
6 Torquay v. Newport.
4 Chester v. Darlington.
3 Sheffield U. v. Aston V.
2 Newcastle v. Fulham.
1 Northampton v. Reading.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Brighton v. Exeter.
Hibernians v. Partick.
Southend v. Watford.
Bournemouth v. Swindon.
Accrington v. Port Vale.
St. Bernard's v. Brechin.
K. Stirling v. Leith.
Birmingham v. Bolton.
Halifax v. Barrow.

1 York v. Hartlepool.
13 Aberdeen v. Kilmarnock.
3 Bristol R. v. Crystal P.
3 Middlesbrough v. Huddersfield.
3 Third Lanark v. Falkirk.
6 Burnley v. West Ham.
7 Liverpool v. Blackpool.
8 Chelsea v. Leicester.
10 Luton v. Plymouth.

11 Stockport v. Swansea.
13 Rotherham v. Oldham.
13 Dumbarton v. Airdrie.
14 Southport v. Hull.
17 Tranmere v. Wrexham.
17 Clapton O. v. Bristol C.
19 Leeds v. Arsenal.
20 Walsall v. Millwall.
21 Merton v. Hearts.



With spring-cleaning at its height,
Britain's homes are more dangerous
than ever

based on experience) all agree that to ride horses in professional races is nearly as dangerous as what George Formby calls "cleanin' winders."

Even cattle-droving is frowned upon by underwriters.

Heavy compensation paid to makers of artificial manures is reflected by the high insurance rate of between 40 and 45 per cent.

Rag-dealers, too, are particularly liable to infection.

Agricultural implement manufacturers, cocoa-oven erectors, aluminium producers, flag and decoration erectors, firewood cutters, furniture removers, beet sugar manufacturers, are others who bear heavy insurance risks.

Surprisingly, too, tailoring incurs nearly 50 per cent. more mishaps than work in laundries.

In his report for 1936, the Registrar-General also had to record nine times as many deaths from lift mishaps as at the docks and harbours.

Any work connected with cranes has always been considered dangerous.

Yet, while there were 1,808 crane accidents in 1936, there were 2,755 accidents in food manufacture!

Other accident-ridden trades include quarrying, explosives, textiles and electrical engineering; but in all the warning of the Chief Factory Inspector deserves emphasis.

"It is appalling to note the number of accidents," he declares, "which could have been avoided by ordinary care and forethought."

"Nothing seems to overcome wholly the British worker's dislike of what he considers timidity or fussiness."

Really, of course, that is a fine tribute to our industrial armies. It should, moreover, point the moral for all spring-cleaners!

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AT
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Any woman can give herself a permanent wave at home with this amazing scientific discovery. Just three simple operations and, while you read, work or sleep, your hair can be transformed into fascinating curls as lustrous and as beautiful as naturally curly hair. This priceless secret process is so efficient that an Endura Permanent Wave will last as long as the most expensive permanent. Natural, bleached, dyed, grey, white, and even children's hair can all be given a beautiful permanent wave with Endura.

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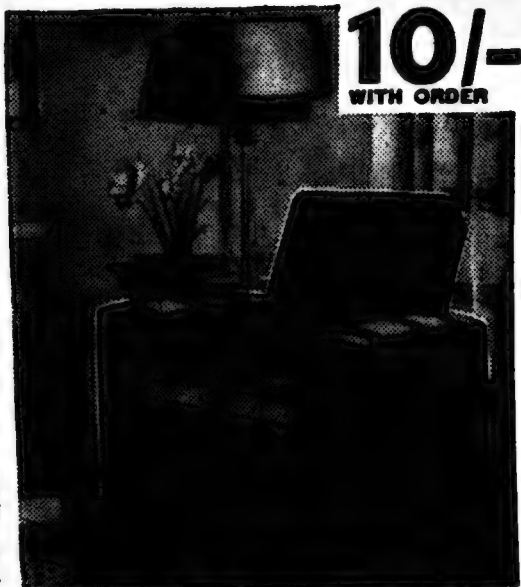
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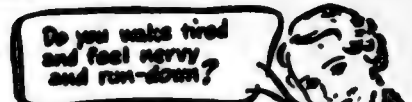
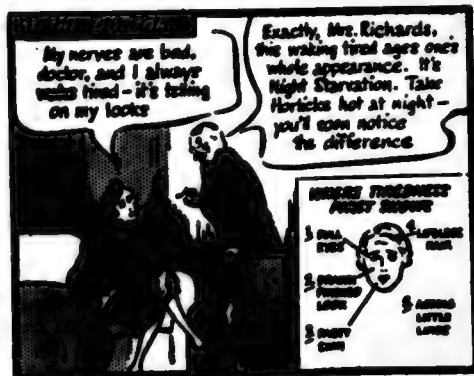
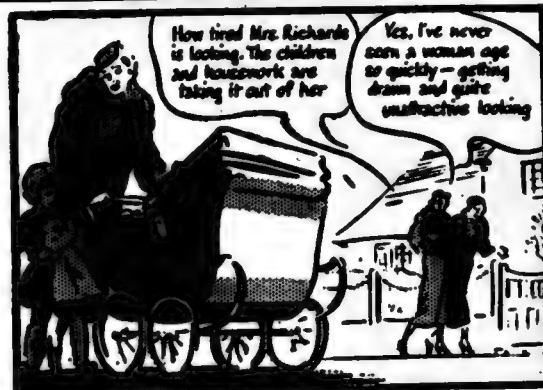
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GUARDS AGAINST
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"What is the matter, Jerry?"
Jane asked.

When Jane Everest found herself
alone with a homicidal maniac she
offered him—

A CUP OF TEA

Story Sequel to
"Private Worlds"

(The great Screen success)



JANE EVEREST finished her review of her opponent's book with a sigh of relief. As a nerve specialist she respected him, but as a psychologist she felt that he had much to learn. "I don't say our patients wholly make their own mental illnesses, but, when you can reach them there is always something to call to besides the disease," Jane thought to herself. "They aren't really so condemned to

solitary confinement as he thinks. There is a way out for most of them, if one can only rouse them into wanting to take it!"

She glanced at the clock. It was not yet midnight, when she could make her final round of the big mental hospital before going to bed.

Her two juniors were out, even the superintendent was no doubt where he ought to be—in bed and asleep.

A smile touched Jane's lips as she thought of Charles Monet asleep.

Only when she was alone did Jane allow herself to think of the superintendent as "Charles."

He was her chief. In strange, relaxed, uncertain moments he was her friend. If Jane ever thought of him as more than her friend it was, she told herself, only her own business.

His main interest seemed to be to keep himself from falling in love with anybody, especially with anyone in the hospital; and perhaps more especially still with Jane.

Then a sound came from the door. Jane turned her eyes towards it.

Slowly and cautiously it was opening. For a moment Jane was seized with panic; her forehead pricked with sweat, her throat turned dry.

Then she told herself firmly: "I am in charge of this hospital," and picking up her white linen coat slipped it on.

She felt still less afraid then. "Come in," she said in gentle, cheerful tones—and six feet two of homicidal maniac slouched into the room.

All along, Jane had been afraid it would be "Jerry"; and it was Jerry.

He was a negro suffering from delusions and had already tried to murder two women.

His huge black paws moved restlessly in front of him, as if they were already feeling for the wind-pipe it was his delight to crush. Jerry was a killer and he was out to kill.

Jane looked across the room at the huge shambling ape of a man, summing up her chances. They were extremely small.

"If I am going to die," she said to herself, "I may as well try to understand a little about it first."

"What is the matter, Jerry?" Jane asked, her eyes fixed steadily upon him and wholly without hostility. "Haven't you better sit down in that big comfortable arm-chair over there and tell me all about it?"

Jerry stopped his wavering advance, shuffled towards the chair and sank

down into it. "Now tell me what is wrong," Jane repeated encouragingly.

She chose her words with care, speaking them slowly, with little pauses between them.

This was partly because of the physical sickness of terror which she had to control in herself and partly to reach, through the confusion of Jerry's fury, the big simple negro, whom she had always treated as her friend.

"Ise gwine to kill you-all," he shouted at her. "Ise gwine ter do you-all in!"

"May-be Ise a black man, I shorely am! But why the hell can't Ise have my cup o' tea jes' like any onory white man?"

"Why mus' Ise be served las'? Ise tell you-all, Doc! Ise ain't had no sugar in my second cup!"

Jane sat erect and still. "They served you last, did they?" she repeated quietly.

"Well, you have to take your turn, Jerry; but perhaps to-morrow they will serve you first."

"If they forget to give you sugar in your second cup, I will tell them to-morrow that they must never forget to give it to you again."

"Ise ain't never had 'nuff sugar!" Jerry shouted.

"Well," Jane said thoughtfully, "if you haven't had enough sugar, Jerry, how would you like me to give you some tea now?"

"If you-all try to fool me Ise gwine to kill you-all," he told her gruffly.

"I shan't need to leave the room," Jane promised. "I often make my own tea here. I will show you where I keep my things."

She produced her teapot and silver canister and wheeled a tray, which she always kept ready to make tea for herself and her colleagues, close to Jerry's chair.

"Now, Jerry," Jane said at last, "you must watch the water in the cooker."

When she had made every preparation that she could think of, Jane went back to her chair, while Jerry watched her suspiciously.

"I suppose all his life," Jane thought to herself, "he has been without something that he thought he ought to have had!"

JERRY'S eyes had left her now. They watched the cooker, with the simple eagerness of a child.

She left it entirely to him. He was the first to hear the faint sound of the water before it came to the boil, and when the cover moved he shouted with delight.

"We must go slowly," Jane reminded him. "Take off that contact first! Yes—like that! And here is the teapot."

Was she trying to fool him? Once more Jerry shot a glance at her, dark

with suspicion. Very slowly, so that he could count them, Jane put four lumps of sugar in his tea.

"Now," she said, "try it, and if it is not sweet enough you shall have some more!"

Slowly he raised the cup to his thick lips. The tea was strong enough. It was sweet enough. He had been helped first.

He drank four cups, then Jane said gently, "Now, Jerry, you must go back to bed. But, if you like, just to be on the safe side, you can take the sugar-basin with you!"

"I will come with you just to see that

(Continued on page 37)

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Since most Post Offices will be closed Good Friday, April 15, entries for this contest may be posted up to last collection on **SAT. APRIL 16**

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HAVE YOU SEEN THE COPYRIGHT NEW "TIME-SAVE" "JOHN BULL" ENTRY SHEET? Apply on penny postcard to "John Bull" - only limited number available.

£100

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2nd RUNNERS-UP

ACROSS CLUES

1. Slices are sometimes called for when serving
3. Housewife sometimes puts on when she goes out shopping
5. Describes number of next Clue
6. Makes a big noise when hit
11. Hard one is sometimes better than soft one
16. Tail of Chanticleer
18. Actually existing in realm
21. Obstinate animal resembling ass
23. Average traveller takes one on long railway journey
24. One sometimes gets wrinkles in
25. Casual one sometimes says a lot

DOWN CLUES

1. Kiddies sometimes do, for pennies
2. Slippery fish
3. Sudden snap may make people complain about this
4. Grows old
7. One sometimes runs round garden
8. One occasionally snaps and growls when in bad temper
9. Drivers are sometimes, for speeding
10. Sometimes made in silk
12. One can often get this in public-house bar
13. Often draws well when puffed
14. Man sometimes gets this when everything seems against him
15. People sometimes do this when exposed to scorching hot sun
17. Reports of sensational one are highly exaggerated
19. Iron is sometimes required in
20. A moving one can generally do a lot of heavy carrying work
22. Laid by a hen

6 Big Cheques, Radios and Hampers Won in Crossword No. 101.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 101, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious sets of Answers on one square (see below) were the following six competitors:

Mrs. A. BAGGIE, 7, Lawrie Street, Perth, Glasgow.
 C. V. N. GANFIELD, 3, Norman Avenue, Bradford.
 R. W. CHAPMAN, The Bury, Little Radnor, Here.
 Mrs. G. B. GRIFFITHS, 280, Sussex Square, Brighton.
 Mrs. M. A. REES, Pannett, Bynes, Mr. Llanelli, Carm.
 E. J. WHITTING, 37, Parklands Road, Streatham, S.W.16.

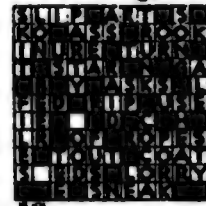
Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £100 will be sent to each, together with a £8 10s. 6d. Radio and Easter Hamper.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, April 12, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 124 competitors from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best squares received. These winners will each receive 16s. 2d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 730 entrants from whom we received a square differing from squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square on left.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points SHEDS or SLEDGE and HOOD or WOOD were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which can be obtained by using coupon below.

COPY SQUARES ONLY



READ THESE RULES

- 1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than (Postmark) Saturday, April 14, 1933.
- 2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENCE ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.
- 3.—No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 4.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding property indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.
- 5.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 26. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 3, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.
- 6.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 Cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.
- 7.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.
- 8.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 14.

ADDRESS ENTRY CROSSWORD No. 104, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.2 (Comp.)

TO NEW READERS

May we send you a complimentary copy of "John Bull's" weekly "Crossword Gazette," the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to "Bull's" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.2 (OR ENCLOSE WITH "CROSSWORD" ENTRY).

You must fill in name here.

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 104.

Closing Postmark SAT., APRIL 16, 1933.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value

No.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 104.

Closing Postmark SAT., APRIL 16, 1933.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value

No.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

IMPORTANT NEW PRIVILEGE FOR CROSSWORDERS—SEE COLLECTOR'S PAGE

Reader's Story by W. Milton

ARREST OF A BANDIT

We made a sudden grab for his arms

YOU have all read thrilling police adventures in detective novels. It is, however, only occasionally that you hear of their counterpart in real life.

I served thirty years in the police. Twenty of those years were spent in the C.I.D.

During that period I had a few adventures worth relating, but the one that thrilled me most happened soon after I joined the police.

One morning when I was serving in a south coast town a detective-sergeant handed me a report and a photograph he had received from the Metropolitan Police.

We had to arrest a dangerous criminal. It said that the man was armed and would not hesitate to shoot.

On the way to the house we made enquiries and learned the occupants were a man and a woman—apparently a married couple. The description of the man who lived there tallied identically with the one we wanted.

We went to the owner of the property with the object of getting his aid. He turned out to be a builder, and a very helpful ally.

It struck me, however, while talking, that there might be some repairs to be done in the house; we might therefore effect an entrance by disguising ourselves as workmen. "The only thing I

can think of," the builder told us, "are the locks—one or two of them need repairing."

"We'll fix them," I said. "Can you lend us some tools?"

As he was getting them, we made ourselves look like workmen. Then we went to the house.

Knocking hard, without response, I opened the front door.

"What's up?" growled a man's voice at the top of the stairs.

"Come to repair the locks," I said as casually as possible.

"About time," he added. "Come on up—they're up here."

He was waiting for us on the landing when we reached the top of the stairs.

The man looked what he was—a desperado.

As we appeared, he went to the front bedroom door.

"This is the one that wants fixing," he said, looking up at us.

My companion glanced at me. He indicated that at the first opportunity we must overpower the man.

There was, as far as I could see, only one course to adopt. Reaching the man's side, I made a sudden grab for his arm.

As though he had anticipated my move, my colleague grabbed the other arm. The expected desperate resistance

did not materialise. To our surprise, the prisoner collapsed.

At first we took this to be a ruse.

"It's no use trying that gag on us," the sergeant said.

But he still hung loose in our arms. One look at his face told us that he was in a real faint.

After searching him for a revolver, we laid him on a settee. A few minutes later he recovered.

"What's it all about, boys?" he asked.

"Police officers," the sergeant replied tersely.

"You gave me a shock," he laughed. "I thought you were burglars. Why the rough stuff?"

"We're here to arrest you," I said.

The charge was then explained to him.

"It's all a mistake," he said. "You've got the wrong man."

"We'll take a chance on that," my skipper added. "Come on, let's get going."

As we reached the door, he paused to wipe the perspiration from his forehead. He did this at first with his hand.

"Do you mind if I get a handkerchief from the drawer over there?" he asked, indicating a chest of drawers.

He began to move away. "All right," I warned, "stand where you are. I'll get it for you."

While I went over to the drawer the sergeant held him firmly.

I wasn't surprised to find some handkerchiefs, nor was I surprised to see an ominous revolver.

With much relief, we later handed him over to the Metropolitan Police escort.

"I shouldn't care much for a job like that every day in the week," I said to the sergeant just before we parted.

He smiled.

"All in a day's work, boy," he said.

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill.

£5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 123,492, W. Milton, 139, Sedlescombe Road (North), St. Leonards-on-Sea.

continuing A Cup of Tea

you get safely back without being scolded!"

Would his purpose swing back, with this new action? Was all that had come between him and his murderous impulse—the sense of their comradeship over an accepted task, the friendliness and achieved purpose—to be lost and wasted?

Jane went with him to the door, but she let him open it.

They walked in silence side by side, Jerry carrying the little silver sugar-basin as reverently as if it were a religious symbol.

Charles stood outside the door of the ward for the impulsive male patients.

Jane was in love with Charles, but she trembled as she saw him.

Jerry disliked Charles. He realised that Charles was a barrier that prevented him leaving the hospital.

Trying to kill Charles was an idea that had occurred to Jerry often before.

Jerry looked at her savagely. "Be careful of the sugar bowl," Jane reminded him quietly.

"Look, Charles," she added. "I have given Jerry my sugar bowl; see how beautifully he is carrying it! It is to belong to him in the ward." Jerry, his

mind once more proudly fixed upon his sugar bowl, bore it aloft through the open door.

Charles had the door closed and locked behind him in a flash.

"Clarkson is in there," he said rather breathlessly; "and Jones. They'll see that he gets into bed without making any more trouble!"

It was curious how her physical strength began to fail Jane. The relief was too great.

Suddenly she remembered with horror that she had called him "Charles."

She flushed miserably. "I'm afraid that I called you by your name," she stammered.

CHARLES smiled then said, quite quickly for him, "Did he hurt you?"

Jane shook her head. Then, firmly,

Next Week:

Bernard Merivale, famous dramatist, has written, specially for this series, a sequel to his thrilling play "The Unguarded Hour."

yet gently he pushed her into the nearest chair.

Jane leaned back and watched him looking for a drink that she knew was not there, because there were no drinks so close to the wards.

"It doesn't matter," she murmured after a while. "I don't want anything to drink. I'm quite all right. Besides, I've found out something—something that I wanted awfully to know!"

Charles turned round, in rather a quick, funny way, and said: "Oh, have you? What is it?"

"Jerry saved himself," Jane explained.

"I mean he saved himself from killing me! He did mean to at first, of course, but when I reached him he pulled himself back!"

"You see, there is a last word that a man can always say to himself—even against murder!"

Charles stuck his hands in his pockets, leaned against the wall and looked at Jane. He seemed to find it difficult to do anything except look at her.

"Well, we haven't got anything to drink in here," he stammered. "Let's go to Night Sister and get her to make us a good strong cup of tea!"

I soon get rid of Stomach Pain



"With a tin of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets in my pocket I can stop any Stomach attack like magic. Two or three tablets after a meal, gently and quickly relieve pain, reduce acidity, and make my digestive system 'as right as ninepence.'"

A. D., of Trowbridge, writes:

"I have been suffering for years with pains in the stomach, and tried almost everything. I have never had a pain since I took Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets."

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Tablets

Bottles, 1/3, 2/-, 5/- Handy Pocket Tins, 9d.

Look for the Signature *Alex. C. Maclean*

CORNS

COME RIGHT OUT!

Here's the quickest and surest relief for corns known. Just plunge your corn-tortured feet into the medicated and oxygenated water of a 'Reudel' Salts footbath. Relief comes instantly. The water carries the special corn-loosening Salts to the roots so that corns come right out easily and painlessly. Don't risk blood poisoning by cutting your corns, but get quicker and safer relief with 'Reudel' Bath Salts, price 1/6d from all chemists in the yellow packet.

A DOCTOR SAYS: "I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel' Bath Salts. I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it." J.—, O.B.E., M.D.

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To cure Constipation—Take Do Wills Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1s.

CHILD'S TELL-TALE TONGUE

Your child's tongue will tell you plainly when the tiny bowels need the help of a laxative. A coated tongue means a sour stomach and constipation. But you have to be most careful what medicine you give. Strong purgatives weaken and leave the bowels more bound than ever, and nothing stops a child's growth like constipation.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe, and, being a liquid you can measure the dose to a nicety to suit your child's system. Kiddies love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

Get a bottle to-day. Of all chemists 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' Brand.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES

FLEAS etc. — even bugs



For over half a century KEATING'S POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventive against moth. Kills Green Fly. — But it must be KEATING'S

Cartels 2d., 6d., 1s. Powder Flasks 1/-

HOW TO PREVENT HEADACHY MORNINGS

There's no need to wake up tired and "muzzy." There's one way you can prevent the acidity which causes those headaches and stomach upsets. And if you do wake up feeling rotten, the same thing will set you right in a few minutes.

Just drop a couple of 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets in a glass of water and drink it as soon as it has stopped fizzing. 'Alka-Seltzer' makes a pleasant-tasting sparkling drink, that's simply amazing for indigestion, Headaches, Colds, Rheumatism and the troubles that come from excess acidity.

There's nothing like 'Alka-Seltzer.' It's not salts and it's not a laxative. Just a pleasant, refreshing drink that shifts pain and discomfort like magic.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 24 times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

SERIOUS OPERATION ordered for PILES

TORTURED for years with painful piles, Mrs. G. could get no relief. "I attended—Hospital," she writes, "and then St.—Hospital for operation, but I suffered agonies after. Doctor wanted me to have yet another operation, but I objected. I tried 'Nemolin'... it was the only thing to give me relief. I've tried ointments from Hospital, but nothing relieves like 'Nemolin'."

Why go on suffering the torture of itching or bleeding piles? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- a tube—relief is guaranteed or money refunded.

The Editor Laughs Last



"Can't yer keep submerged, yer scaring all my customers!"
(From "The Passing Show")

BARBER (London, E.C.).—"The customer asked me to cut it short. His hair or your conversation?"

M. S. (London, W.).—"In my new cocktail bar we found it possible to compose our differences." And shake?

SWAN (Gloucester).—"When I met him on the road he gave me a black look." But surely you always had that?

S. K. (Woolwich).—"He's been depressed by the comparative failure of the automatic door-lock he invented." It didn't catch on.

B. S. (Leyton).—"He was actually due for a transfer, but as he is such a presumptuous person I decided to defer it a while." You kept him in his place.

J. C. (Holmfirth).—"I've never done a day's work in my life." Night watchman, eh?

G. K. (Hereford).—"I suffer from nasal catarrh. What must I get for it?" Handkerchiefs.

D. N. (Hove).—"I used to be a music-hall acrobat, but now I have a shop of my own." On top of the bill at last!

DAISY (Bolton).—"The last time I met my fiancé was on a bitter, windy night, and he seemed jaded and disinclined to talk." He was cold, eh?

MAID (Shoeburyness).—"The firing of heavy guns here last week caused plates and saucers to fall off the dresser and break." That's your story, and you're sticking to it?

G. M. (Essex).—"My turn on the stage is a series of imitations of the sounds one hears at a railway station." Not including those you make when you just miss the last train home, we hope.

R. D. (Chelsea).—"I am so busy writing new numbers for crooners that I have had no sleep for three nights." There's nothing like a guilty conscience for keeping one awake.

B. K. (Derby).—"How is it that, if you take the wireless set out into the garden on a fine day, you get more on it?" Oh, we suppose the caterpillars and earwigs are just curious.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

D. F. (Caerau).—"Why does a chicken cross the road?" That one's out of date. A chicken can't cross the road these days.

B. B. (Milton).—"His words gave me much-needed support." So you hung on them.

W. A. (Osterley).—"Before buying a house it's as well to find out how the land lies." And also the estate agent.

P. J. B. (Ealing).—"A man's character can sometimes be told by his hat." Especially if he happens to talk through it.

MARY (Bristol).—"I became so sick of the gloves that in the end I was pleased to give them away." You were glad to get them off your hands.

PROFESSOR (Ipswich).—"Most winged insects have a language of their own." Ah! that explains these "Spelling Bees" we've heard so much about.

S. E. (Liverpool).—"After ten years of illness, my lazy brother has been forced into employment again, this time in a Government office." A good job, too!

P. I. (Winchester).—"The salesman told me that in that particular car I should feel as if I were at home." So you chose another make?

N. A. S. (Edinburgh).—"Clergymen should give rousing discourses or not preach at all." Put fire into their sermons, or their sermons into the fire, eh?

T. T. (Soham).—"My sister says she's twenty years of age, but actually she's twenty-six." Perhaps she didn't learn to count until she was six.

N. L. (Darwen).—"My wife cannot read a note of music, but she can play all the works of Beethoven." We have a gramophone at home, too!

N. M. S. (Putney).—"A doctor has proved that it is perfectly safe to take milk anywhere." But not always so safe to come home with it.

PUG (Blackfriars).—"His arguments about the methods he would employ to knock out his rival boxer were unconvincing." You mean they lacked punch.

MANCUNIAN (Chorlton).—"Where are the majority of our comedians born, if not in Lancs?" Beds.

T. H. L. (Norbiton).—"My golfing friends made me a most suitable gift before I came here." Links?

V. E. (Upminster).—"Only ten players turned up, for the other fellow couldn't afford his railway fare." A man short.

J. N. (Acton).—"For some obscure reason I was told I couldn't bring a charge against the man who stole my car." So he got away with it.

CARETAKER (Ipswich).—"To prevent any damage being done when the hall is let, I lock both the pianos." Making sure that no one can get at the keys.

R. W. K. (Sheffield).—"A well-known boxer recently held an auction of some of his personal belongings, as he is going abroad." We suppose he managed to knock most of them down.

Mrs. K. (Finchley).—"He fell in love at first sight with a maidservant, who attracted his attention by deliberately tripping him with a broom." She swept him off his feet.

B. C. (Hampstead).—"A friend of mine who is also a good amateur boxer has recently entered the advertising profession." He should make a good lay-out man.

Mrs. W. (East Sheen).—"What gives a woman more cold shivers down the spine than a ghost story read while alone in the house?" A vanilla ice dropped down her back by a careless waiter.

Mrs. K. (Runcorn).—"My husband has given up smoking, and I can assure you it needed a strong will to bring this about." Apparently you have one.

E. S. (York).—"What is your definition of an optimist?" A man who buys a lottery ticket, hires a garage, engages a chauffeur and orders 40 gallons of petrol.

GOLFRER (Glasgow).—"All the members of our golf club are models of good manners." They refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling?

Dad . . .



. . . hangs a lamp



by Maz



C. H. (Wolverhampton).—"What would you do if you caught a cold every time you did a bit of gardening?" Give up gardening.

DISORIENTED (Tooting).—"What's the good of time to spare when you haven't any money?" Turn it into *Bullets* prize-money—for instance, into that £350 offered on the opposite page.

D. E. (Crewe).—"Her haughty nature was so shocked by my refusal to eat her pudding that she consumed it all herself in front of me." Eaten up with pride, eh?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

FALKIRK MAIL:—"Afterwards he proposed the toasts of 'The King' and 'The Queen,' Queen Mother and other members of the Royal INFIRMARY."

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND HERALD:—"... two young and energetic teams provided a keen contest..."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"The little post office of Antibes and Golfe Juan has worked overtime handling the TREMBLOUS MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"... following a TRIP collision between a tram, a bus and a cyclist."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"A jaded DAWN will derive much benefit from a dressing of bone meal or guano a few weeks later."

SOUTHERN TIMES:—"... with a view to arranging a morning performance of the film 'Victoria the Great' for all children under their cars?"

"Bullets" Illustrated:

Not strong enough to hold line, for Auntie



SIMPLE WORDS

WON HIM
£300

Fortune and

300 NEW DOUBLE PRIZES

for
'Bullets'

**ONE
WEEK
ONLY**
-closing postmark
**SATURDAY
APRIL 16**

WINNER'S WIRE FRIDAY APRIL 29

£50 £25

5 of £3 | 5 of £2-10 | 25 of 10'

300 *new Double*
SURPRISE AWARDS
EACH VALUE \$

6000 MYSTERY PRIZES

ALL AWARDS INCLUDE BIG £175 OFFER

100

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,118, "John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.O 2 (Comp.)

FREE PRIVILEGE FOR IDEAL HOME ENTRANTS
Ideal Home Offer entrants (Competition No. 1,115) permitted to use Privilege Voucher from last week's "John Bull" in place of 6d. P.O. to cover one coupon for Contest No. 1,116, provided it is accompanied by two paid or prize coupons entered in same name and address.

Don't You Feel Well Mummy?

How Can You Tell Them You Feel
EXHAUSTED

**A Bundle of NERVES,
WEAK, HEADACHY,
DYSPEPTIC, LISTLESS?**

—Why continue to be agonised by Terrible Headaches, Niggling Nerve Pains, Black Depression, and Heavy-Limbed Lassitude?

—Why go on denying yourself the Gift of Sound Digestion, Steady Nerves and Unflagging Energy?

**YOU NEED
YEAST-VITE**

You have only to walk into the nearest chemist's and experience the benefit of this marvellous Lightning PICK-ME-UP!

Yeast-Vite has conquered. It has come as a marvel of relief to Tired, Exhausted Mothers. It has restored Brightness to the Eye and Youthful Bloom to Pale, Wan Cheeks. It has given Energy to Men where before was the hopeless, listless anguish of Nagging Headaches and Worn-out Nerves.

Yeast-Vite regulates the action of the Digestive Tract. It relieves and banishes Dyspepsia. And in cases of Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Stomach Troubles, and Constipation it works absolute wonders.

For "Yeast-Vite" supplies to your body just those essential elements of well-being which a Run-down and Pain-racked system needs. In this accurate Scientific Combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (*Saccharomyces Cerevisie*) Valuable Vitamins and other Tonic Ingredients is a concentrated source of New Life, New Health and Vigorous Vitality for YOU.

Alongside is the famous Yeast-Vite Quick-Health Time-Table and our World-wide offer to every ailing man and woman, No Cure—No Pay!

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHT-FORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. For your health's sake accept it TO-DAY and so start NOW on the road to Better Health and Brighter Spirits than you have ever known before.

From the first dose of Yeast-Vite you feel Renewed—Refreshed—Reinvigorated PAIN disappears! WEAKNESS is changed to STRENGTH! Life becomes Happy—Joyous—WORTH LIVING.



THEY know "something" is wrong—but they don't realise how ill you feel! They don't know how you WEAR YOURSELF OUT looking after them, how the daily tasks seem to sap every ounce of your vitality, how their noise and chatter make your head ache and throb—tear your nerves to shreds! But we know how the cares of motherhood wear down the strongest system. We know how you feel—that is why we tell you to take "Yeast-Vite"!

YEAST-VITE QUICK HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS...	Glorious Relief	In 5/15 Mins.
HEADACHES...	Deliverance	In 5/15 Mins.
LASSITUDE...	Vim and Vigour	In 10/20 Mins.
DEPRESSION...	Buoyant Energy	In 10/20 Mins.
"NERVES"...	Steadiness	In 10/20 Mins.
INDIGESTION...	Keen Appetite	In 15/30 Mins.
EXHAUSTION...	Animation	In 15/30 Mins.
SLEEPLESSNESS...	Calm Repose	In 30/60 Mins.
RHEUMATISM...	Pain Relief	In 24 Hours
CONSTIPATION...	Regularity	In 36 Hours
IMPURE BLOOD...	Purification	In 36 Hours

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